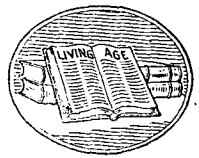
The Living Age

Vol. 300
From Beginning



Vol. 13
Eighth Series

CONTENTS

Rex *vs.* Bertrand Russell 385

Liberty and the State . . . . . E. S. P. HAYNES 395
From the English Review

A Frenchman in Greece . . . . . ROBERT VAUCHER 401

The Debt of France to Italy . . . . . PAUL PAINLEVÉ 406
From Le Petit Parisien

Should Prussia Continue to Exist? . . . OBERPRÄSIDENT VON BATOCKI 408
From the Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung

Festival . . . . . ZERES 411
From Blackwood's Magazine

Travels in Trueland: An Ecclesiastical Episode . . . M. E. DURHAM 419
From the International Review

The Fireman . . . . . A. P. HERBERT 425
From Land and Water

A Memory of Wild Country 430
From the Times

Two Cornish Frescoes 432
From the Nation

Shadows . . . . . ALLAN SANDERSON 434
From Chambers's Journal

The Reading of Biography . . . . . THOMAS SECCOMBE 435
From Everyman

ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

German Overseas Banks . . . . . DR. ADOLF ROEDER 438
From Weltwirtschaftszeitung

Economic Conditions in Russia 440
From the Economist

Talk of Europe 443

The Bombardment of Paris — Kaiser's Last Days at Spaa — The Tattooed Man — Six Miles High — Herr Ebert — American Students at French Universities.

The Editor's Note-Book 447

A PAGE OF VERSE

Winter Nights . . . . . ERNEST BLAKE 448
From the English Review

Reveille . . . . . WILFRED WILSON GIBSON 448
From the New Witness

August, 1918 . . . . . MAURICE BARING 448
From Reveille

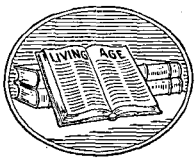
'Sweet Is the Love Which Nature Brings' . . . . . CH'ENG HAO 448

Published Every Saturday by
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY
41 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston

$6.00 a Year

15c a Copy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE LIVING AGE

FOR NEXT WEEK WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

THE REVOLUTION IN VIENNA

Not a journalist's chronicle of events, but a keen study of the Viennese temperament and its forms of action. By an English resident of Vienna.

GERMAN IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICAN TROOPS

A special correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung* tells of 'the doughboy' in the Rhine country.

THE BRITISH ELECTION: Four Different Opinions

OUR FUTURE FRENCH PARLIAMENT

Victor Augagneur, ex-Minister of the Colonies, discusses the attitude of the future Chamber to the Church and 'Socialism.'

SALVING THE K–13

The first account of one of the most dramatic episodes of the war.

THE DRAMA OF A SOCIALIST SOLDIER

THE REALISM OF FLAUBERT

IS GERMANY BANKRUPT?

If not a subscriber, and you would like to receive the magazine regularly, fill out coupon below.

The Living Age,
41 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find $6.00 for my subscription to THE LIVING AGE for one year, beginning.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....CITY.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE
Founded by E. LITTELL in 1844
NO. 3893

FEBRUARY 15, 1919

REX *VS.* BERTRAND RUSSELL

THE trial of the Honorable Bertrand Russell took place at the Mansion House Justice-Room, before the Lord Mayor sitting as a magistrate; a summons for the defendant having been issued under the following regulation:

No person shall in writing, or in any circular, or other printed publication make statements liable to prejudice the recruiting and discipline of His Majesty's forces.

The prosecution's case may be briefly summarized in this fashion. A certain conscientious objector, named Ernest F. Everett (a schoolteacher who, as was admitted by the prosecution, had been opposed to all war since the age of sixteen), had been tried by court-martial for 'adopting a policy of passive resistance to all military orders,' and had been sentenced to two years' hard labor. Shortly afterwards, the No-Conscription Fellowship issued a pamphlet dealing with the case. Of this pamphlet, Mr. Russell was the author, as he declared quite frankly in the following letter to the *Times*.

Sir: A leaflet was lately issued by the No-Conscription Fellowship dealing with the case of Mr. Everett, a conscientious objector, who was condemned to two years' hard labor by court-martial for disobedience to the military authorities. Six men have been condemned to varying terms of imprisonment with hard labor for distributing this leaflet. I wish to make it known that I am the author of this leaflet, and that if anyone is to be prosecuted, I am the person primarily responsible.

Yours faithfully,
Bertrand Russell.

Mr. Russell was accordingly called before the court. Said Mr. A. H. Bodkin, for the prosecution:

The sole questions are: Did the defendant make any statement? and, secondly, was that statement likely to prejudice the recruiting and discipline of His Majesty's forces? [Mr. Russell admitted the authorship of the leaflet.] . . . It is for you, my Lord Mayor, to form your judgment on the leaflet, but our submission is that throughout in its terms . . . the effect it would have would be to prejudice both recruiting and discipline; and coming from this organization which is supporting those who find that their consciences permit them to take advantage of the security of the country but refuse to permit them to do anything which tends to secure the safety of the country, that it has the tendency of preventing recruiting, for that reason, and is eminently likely to discourage what is so essential, the full and complete embodiment of the manhood of the country in the forces of the Crown at the present time.

THE DEFENSE

The Defendant.— My Lord Mayor, I do not propose to call any witnesses, as there is no dispute in regard to the facts. The facts are plain, and are ad-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mitted. I wish to suggest to your consideration that this case raises an issue of very considerable importance in regard to the legal limits of political agitation at the present time. We have been repeatedly assured in Parliament that political agitation against conscription is not illegal. But if such a leaflet as this which is before you today is to be held contrary to the Defense of the Realm Act, it is not easy to see how any political agitation can possibly be carried on. It would seem to follow, if this view is upheld, that although we may state as a bare fact that we are not in favor of conscription, we shall be precluded from stating any of the grounds upon which that opinions rests, and I submit to you, my Lord, that an opinion in favor of which it is illegal to state any arguments is rendered impotent; and, in fact, if the view is upheld the supposed political liberty becomes a farce.

The legal position in regard to prosecutions of this nature under the Defense of the Realm Act — the legal position as it appears to the Government — was explained recently in the House of Commons by Mr. Herbert Samuel, in a debate which took place on the 1st of June, in connection with a case analogous to the present case, a case which has been alluded to by the prosecution. Mr. Samuel first repeated a previous answer which he had given in the House. I have here the official Report of Parliamentary Debates. He said: 'It is one thing to advocate repeal of the compulsory Military Service Act. It is another thing to advocate resistance to its provisions. That,' he said, 'is the essential difference.' In view of that answer, everything turns upon the question, What is considered to be advocacy of resistance? Is a conscientious objector advocating resistance if he says, 'I intend not to perform military service, even if the tribunals should fail to grant me exemption'? Or if, having failed to obtain exemption, he states that he as a conscientious objector cannot conform to that decision? Is he in saying that advocating resistance? I do not think that that view can be held, and I should like, my Lord, to dwell for one moment upon the nature of that conscientious objection which is recognized by the Act of Parliament. The Act of Parliament provided that those who have a genuine conscientious objection to the undertaking of combatant service should be able to plead that objection before the tribunals.

Now, a conscientious objection is by its very nature one which cannot be overridden by any decision of the Court of Law. And I think it was the recognition of that fact by Parliament which induced it to insert a conscience clause; for, as we know, the enormous majority of the House of Commons are very strongly opposed to conscientious objectors. Nevertheless they recognized the conscientious objector's claim to exemption, because they realized, as I think every thoughtful man has recognized, that it is not open to a man who has a genuine conscientious objection to submit himself to the decision of no matter what tribunal, if that decision goes against what he believes to be the dictates of his conscience. It is on that account that Parliament considered it necessary to provide the machinery for the exemption of conscientious objectors. Now, therefore, it cannot be said that a man is advocating resistance (I refer again to Mr. Samuel's answer) by a mere statement that he himself does not propose to perform military service, even if he should fail to obtain exemption. I think some such statement he is bound by law to make when he comes before the tribunals, because if he were willing to obey the decision he would not be a genuine objector,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and would not be entitled to the exemption of the Act. The exemption is only open to a man who will not obey. I put that point before you — the position of such a man, and the undesirability of such a situation arising.

Now I should like to take a step further. If a man has a right to state that he himself cannot obey the law under certain contingencies, and that right is accorded by the conscience clause, it cannot surely be against the law to state on behalf of other people that there are such men? That is a relevant fact in the situation. It is a fact taken account of by the Legislature, and is a fact which should be known. The mere statement of that fact, I submit, cannot itself constitute an illegality. It cannot be construed as advocacy of resistance to state what is, after all, a patent fact, that resistance is occurring, and will continue to occur as long as the present system is persisted in. If indeed it were illegal to state the fact that there are men who are conscientiously resisting the law, not lightly, but in obedience to the dictates of conscience — if that were against the law, I submit that Mr. Herbert Samuel infringed his own regulation. He said in his speech: 'I can understand the individual conscientious objector saying as an individual, "Whatever happens to me I do not care. I hold certain doctrines, and no human power can ever compel me to form a part of a military organization." Such a man,' he continued, 'can be respected.'

Those are Mr. Samuel's words. But, my Lord, it is the very thing which I said in this leaflet, in effect the same sentiments. I said in effect, 'Ernest F. Everett, an individual conscientious objector, said, and proved by his actions, that no human power would ever compel him to form part of a military organization; such a man can be respected.' That is the gist of this pamphlet — merely adding the particular circumstances and particular facts.

It will be urged that this man had come before the local and appeal tribunals; it may be urged that he ought to have submitted to their judgment. But to this too Mr. Herbert Samuel provided an answer in his speech: 'A man who has a conscientious objection does not need telling. Conscience is essentially a spontaneous thing. I should say that a man who felt in his inmost being that it was impossible for him to help the nation in its hour of need by taking up arms does not need public meetings held to persuade him of that fact.'

What applies to a public meeting applies in exactly the same degree to a tribunal. No man's conscience can be altered by the decision of a tribunal. Conscience, as Mr. Samuel said, is a spontaneous thing, and conscientious objectors do not need to be brought before a tribunal in order to be told what their conscience is.

All human institutions are liable to error, and it is possible for a tribunal to decide erroneously either as to the genuineness, or as to the nature, of a man's conscientious objection. Now what is a man to do in case such an error occurs? Is he to break the law, or is he to violate his conscience? There is no third alternative open. And I submit that, as Mr. Samuel said, a man who decides in these circumstances that it is his duty to break the law is a man who can be respected. If Mr. Samuel and I have been guilty of illegality in maintaining that, I hope, my Lord, that he will alter the Regulations before he finds himself in the position in which I am to-day.

The Everett leaflet, as you have been informed by the prosecution, has already been the subject of a number of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prosecutions throughout the country, and some of these have resulted in sentences of imprisonment with hard labor. But when I wrote this leaflet I did not for one moment suppose that it would be considered illegal; and I remain firmly convinced that no reasonable interpretation of the Defense of the Realm Act will bring this leaflet within its scope. But when I found that men in various parts of the country were suffering for distributing this leaflet, I felt bound to accept responsibility, and to endeavor to obtain what I should regard as a more just decision.

I am charged by the prosecution with making statements likely to prejudice recruiting and discipline. No evidence has been adduced, and I submit that no evidence can be adduced, to show that such an effect is likely to follow from the distribution of this leaflet. With the exception of the last paragraph, the one in heavy type, this leaflet was written by me. It consists, as you will see, of first a bald narrative of facts, and then a brief paragraph of comment upon those facts. The paragraph of comment points out, or endeavors to point out, that the punishment of Everett is the result of a bad law, and an example of persecution on account of conscience. I submit that experience shows that the objection which the authorities take must not be assumed to be based solely upon the comments, and I think that appeared in the speech for the prosecution. The authorities object, I think, as much, and as strongly, to statements of fact — statements of indisputed fact. I will give you an instance of that, my Lord — a very recent instance. The Press Bureau, relying upon this same section, 27, of the Defense of the Realm Regulations, under which this prosecution is conducted, has recently forbidden the circulation to Members of Parliament alone of a bald catalogue of the illegalities committed by the tribunals. Accordingly, if the official interpretation of this Regulation is upheld, we have come to this situation, that it is illegal for M.P.'s to be given information, the relevant information, upon which they have to decide upon current legislative questions. I submit that when we have reached that point the liberties of Parliament are at an end, and we are under the tyranny of an executive which breaks the privileges of Parliament.

With your permission I will read to you the Parliamentary report of this case, describing the document which the Press Bureau would not allow to be circulated.

Mr. Bodkin.— I should submit, my Lord, that it is hardly relevant and material here to go into some other documents.

The Defendant.— It is a prosecution under the same section, and I wish to prove from this case that it is not only comment which is objected to by the prosecution, but also the statement of fact, and I think it is relevant to that issue.

Mr. Bodkin.— As the defendant is defending himself I do not want to take a technical objection, but I submit it has nothing to do with what the Press Bureau has done in another case.

The Lord Mayor.— That is the view I have arrived at. I do not think it can be anything to do with it.

The Defendant.— I thought you would wish to know that it is not only comments but facts which are objected to — that is my point. The mere statement of an indisputed fact has become an illegality, if this view is upheld. But I am content to pass on.

The Lord Mayor.— I think I should take my mind from that if I were you. I do not think it has anything to do with it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Defendant.— I think, if we may judge by the practice of the authorities, they wish the sentences which are inflicted upon conscientious objectors to be known as widely as possible in the army, and as little as possible in the civilian population; and I wish to suggest that what is objected to in this leaflet is not any effect which it may have upon recruiting or discipline, or within the army, but the effect which it is thought likely that this pamphlet, and others like it, may have in producing sympathy in the civilian population for the sufferings of the conscientious objector, and the belief that the conscientious objector is a genuine person, and not the shirker he has been represented as being.

The purpose of this pamphlet was a purpose directed towards the civilian population; it was to enable them to know what was being done under the Act, and what evils there were which we consider necessary to be removed, either by a change in the law if it can be obtained, or, failing that, as a preliminary, by some improvement in the administration of the law. It was with that purpose that the leaflet was written. It was not written with a view to producing any effect in the army, but with a view to producing an effect outside the army, and to give a history of the treatment which is prevalent of a great many conscientious objectors. However much it may be disliked, and however unpopular, it is not illegal. It comes, I think, quite clearly within the rights of political agitation.

I do not think there is any evidence possible to adduce, and no evidence has been adduced, in favor of the view that this leaflet prejudices recruiting. At the time when it was issued, single men were already subject to conscription, and therefore any supposed effect would have been only in regard to married men. Now, the married man who contemplates voluntarily enlisting is *ex hypothesi* not a conscientious objector. The leaflet informs him that if he chooses to pose as a conscientious objector he is liable to two years' hard labor. I do not consider that knowledge of that fact is likely to induce such a man to pretend that he is a conscientious objector when he is not. The only way in which I can see that it could possibly be supposed that such a leaflet as this would prejudice recruiting would be if it were held by the prosecution that a man might be turned against enlistment by the knowledge that the army was an institution where a man had to suffer penalties of this sort for his conscience. Now, if the prosecution are indeed maintaining that that knowledge is likely to turn men away from entering the army, and to make them become conscientious objectors, I suggest that the remedy is a very simple one. The remedy is to free the conscientious objector, and not to submit him to persecution by punishment; and to carry out the plain intention of the Act, the intention that every conscientious objector should be exempted from the need of military service. It is no use to attempt to punish those who disseminate the knowledge.

I do not know whether it might be thought that the sentence in the leaflet 'Will you join the persecutors?' was supposed to mean 'Will you join the army?' I wish to say most emphatically that this is not the meaning which is to be attached to the sentence, and I do not think it is the meaning which any reader is likely to attach to it.

The leaflet goes on immediately, 'Or will you stand for those who are defending conscience?'— being therefore plainly addressed not to the man who is defending conscience in the army, but to the civilian population.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I do not consider that the army are the persecutors. The army authorities are merely carrying out the laws; they are merely carrying out duties imposed upon them by the Government. It is not the army authorities who are primarily the persecutors in this matter. The persecutors are the Government and their supporters; the tribunals, which have given unjust and unwise decisions; the press, in so far as it has refused to state the facts about conscription, and has created prejudice by representing the conscientious objectors as not genuine; and that large body of public opinion which has allowed hatred and contempt to blind it to inhumanity and injustice. 'Will you join the persecutors?' means, 'Will you join this section of the public? Will you make it easy for the Government to defeat the intentions of the Act of Parliament as shown in the conscience clause, or will you try to remedy an evil against which Parliament thought it had provided?'

I come now to the question whether this leaflet is likely to prejudice discipline. The purpose of the leaflet is to make it known that a man is liable to two years' hard labor for refusing to obey discipline. Does this knowledge encourage a man to resist discipline? Surely such a contention is preposterous. If the authorities really believe that indiscipline is promoted by such punishments, why do they inflict them? If they are right in stating that this leaflet is prejudicial to recruiting by making the sentences known, they must have been wrong in inflicting the sentences. If they were right in inflicting the sentences — right from the point of view of promoting discipline — they must be wrong in saying that the leaflet is prejudicial to discipline by making them known. We know that when a court-martial sentence is pronounced steps are taken to promulgate it publicly in the camp or barracks, to make the soldiers know what sentences have been pronounced. I submit that that is a very natural position for them to take up, and that therefore the knowledge within the army of such things is not likely to prejudice discipline. It is not the effect of prejudicing discipline which is objected to in this pamphlet; it is the effect of promoting sympathy for the conscientious objector. That, I think, is the basis of the objection which the prosecution and the authorities take to this leaflet and to others like it.

I do not know whether the prosecution would suggest that conscientious objectors are stimulated to resistance by the knowledge of what their comrades are suffering. That, perhaps, may have some element of truth in it, but if so that is not a motive that would appeal to a shirker; that is a motive implying genuineness of convictions. If such a motive as that was contemplated by the authorities, the knowledge that they have failed to carry out the intentions of the Act should induce them to set to work to repair the failure of the tribunals.

It is true that this leaflet does not confine itself to a mere statement of facts. There is in the last paragraph a criticism of those facts. It may be said that discipline is endangered by this phrase: 'Everett is now suffering this savage punishment for refusing to go against his conscience.' That phrase you will find in the last paragraph but one — the paragraph before the one in heavy type. I would point out that that sentence is one which might appear specially prejudicial to discipline, but, I would ask you, is all criticism of a court-martial sentence to be held illegal? We know that practically every time a woman is condemned to be hanged for murder there is a petition for a commutation of her sentence.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is certainly legal. Are court-martial sentences in a different position? Supposing you take an example — suppose some of the conscientious objectors who are now in France were to be shot, as they are legally liable to be. We know that there would be a storm of protest from Bishops, from eminent Nonconformists, from Members of Parliament, and from all kinds of eminent persons. Would those protests be illegal? Further, would it be illegal to state the fact that such men had been shot? Would the Government proceed to prosecute all those who would state the fact that this had occurred? Must we submit in silence to every degree of rigor the military authorities may exercise, however repugnant their sentences might be to the moral sense of the community? And yet Mr. Bodkin assured the court in a case analogous to this that militarism in a sinister sense does not exist in this country. There was a time when we boasted that this was a free country. That is past. Freedom now has few friends, and those few can only proclaim their love of freedom if they are willing to expose themselves to the risk of being declared criminals.

The belief that Everett's sentence was excessive was not confined to the writer of this leaflet; it was shared by the authorities. Soon after the leaflet began to be distributed his sentence was commuted from two years' hard labor to 112 days' detention. The leaflet began to be distributed, I think, on April 19 or 20, and on May 1 Mr. Tennant informed us that the sentence had been commuted. In view of this fact we must suppose that the authorities felt that their action in inflicting such a sentence was indefensible. Is it too much to suggest that the distribution of this leaflet had something to do with the commutation of this sentence?

A great many objectors, concerning whom no leaflet has been issued, are at present undergoing sentences of two years' hard labor. Some of such sentences have been commuted; others have not. But I suppose I should be guilty of illegality if I were to call attention to the fact that the crime in all these cases was the same. The fact that Everett's sentence was commuted soon after the issue of this leaflet destroys whatever ground the prosecution might have for objecting to criticism that the sentence is excessive. If the punishment did not deserve criticism, why was it commuted? If it did deserve criticism with what justice, with what face, can the prosecution object to that criticism being uttered? It is difficult to escape the conclusion that the authorities dislike the effect of the leaflet in enlisting the sympathies of those civilians to whom it was addressed. But an attempt to gain civilian sympathy for the conscientious objector is not illegal.

The section of the Defense of the Realm Act under which this prosecution is conducted is 27. This Regulation has been quite recently amended. At the time when I am accused of the publication——

The Clerk.—The Lord Mayor has the Regulation before him. The words are 'intended to.'

Mr. Bodkin.— 'Or likely.'

The Clerk.— Yes. The words which are added are these: 'or spread reports, or make statements, or commit any act, intended to, or likely to, prejudice.' The words added are 'or commit any act intended to or.'

The Defendant.— The intention of this leaflet was to procure if possible a change in the law, or, failing that, to secure a change in administration, a change which would prevent the occurrence of such cases of persecution as that recorded in this leaflet. In these objects the agitation of which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the leaflet forms part is, I think, achieving a considerable measure of success; and these objects, though they may be disliked, are certainly not contrary to the law.

The broader purpose of the leaflet, as of the No-Conscription Fellowship, is not quite as the prosecution has represented it. The object of the No-Conscription Fellowship, and the object with which this leaflet was written, is to secure the rights of conscience; that is the sum total of their objects. There are some men who will not fight, not from any self-regarding motive, but simply because they believe it is wrong to fight. We wish to secure recognition of the fact that such men cannot be forced to fight, and that no good purpose is served by taking men away from useful work, giving them solitary confinement in dark cells, or taking them handcuffed to France, while Mr. Tennant states in the House of Commons they are going as free men. We say that no useful purpose can be served by such conduct as that, since those men cannot be made to fight; they will not become soldiers whatever you may do to them. We consider if that fact were once recognized a better means would force itself upon the authorities.

In other matters the rights of conscience are generally acknowledged. We do not, for example, attempt to compel a Jew to eat pork. If Parliament were, as it repeatedly did at the Reformation, to alter the creed which it expected of a clergyman of the Church of England, we should expect that there would be clergymen who would refuse to obey the law. In all such matters the recognition has come slowly, and after a great struggle, and after a great attempt to enforce the wish of the majority or of the holders of power, upon those who would not obey it. And in every case it has been thought that those who would not submit were perverse, or such men as the State could not tolerate. That has been thought in every case. In this case, their right to refuse to fight if conscience is against it, the battle of freedom is at its height. Those who know the history of freedom can recognize in this struggle all the old familiar features of the struggles in which our ancestors took part, and in which we are glad that they won the victory.

The charge that we are prejudicing discipline rests, I think, upon a complete misunderstanding of the nature of the objector, perhaps not unnatural with those who have no personal acquaintance with him. It seems to be thought that if we did not champion Everett's cause he would submit and yield to pressure, and suffer that moral degradation which is involved in performing work which he believes to be wrong. But, my Lord, it is not because we champion his cause that he stands firm: it is because of his own conscience; because he cannot do otherwise than he has done. If no man in the world stood up for the conscientious objector, if no man took his part, he would act as he has acted; it is not we, his friends outside, who created his resistance — the resistance came from himself. I am willing to believe that injury to discipline in the army may possibly result from the fact of that resistance, and from the spectacle of it. But the responsibility for that, I submit, rests with those who have forced the conscientious objector into the army, and not with us, who make known to the outside world the facts of what occurs when those men are forced into the army. It is not part of the intentions of the No-Conscription Fellowship to preclude men from fighting when they have no conscientious objection. For my part I have many friends who are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fighting, and I hold that if a man has not a conscientious objection to the war he had better voluntarily take part in it. I respect the consciences of my friends who are fighting, and I am happy to think that they respect mine. What we ask for is that respect for the genuine conscientious objector which the community ought to give for its own sake, in order not to sin against the principles of liberty. We wish it to be known that men who are profoundly convinced of the immorality of fighting are suffering persecution. We wish it to be known not so much on their account, since to suffer in a noble cause is a privilege and a happiness, but for the sake of the nation, because liberty has hitherto been the most precious of our national possessions. The conscience clause was intended to safeguard it, but the intention, as one can see, was defeated by the tribunals, and by the creation of the Non-Combatant Corps. The creation of the Non-Combatant Corps, where, as the prosecution has stated, the men are soldiers to all intent, where they perform such military duties as do not involve being under fire, was an insult to the conscientious objectors. It implied that what they objected to was not military service, but dangerous military service. Can anything be imagined more calculated to stimulate resistance? Everett in the Non-Combatant Corps found himself in a situation where he was entirely safe from all the dangers of the battlefield; where, if he would accept the situation, no harm could befall him, but where he was asked to perform duties which were as repugnant to his conscience as the duties of the men in the firing line. The local tribunal in its official report on Everett's case stated that 'Everett thinks only of saving his own skin.' The subsequent course of events shows what we are to think of that statement. He submitted himself voluntarily to the punishments which are recorded in that leaflet. Nothing except a rooted belief that conscientious objectors are shirkers could have led anyone to suppose that they would accept as a solution of their troubles such an institution as the Non-Combatant Corps, where they have to perform military duties which do not involve the danger of the battlefield.

The evils of the present situation have resulted quite as much from muddle and misunderstanding as they have from malevolence——

The Lord Mayor.— I am quite sure you will realize you are off the main line — that you are off the line. All that I am concerned about is whether this leaflet is likely to prejudice recruiting or discipline. Now you are getting on to something which is quite outside that.

The Defendant.— I submit, my Lord, the nature of the Non-Combatant Corps is a relevant point in this matter, and a part of the reasons that trouble has arisen is that the public has not understood the nature either of the duties of the Non-Combatant Corps or of the objections which a conscientious objector has to perform those duties. If you are to understand this case it is necessary to explain the circumstances.

The Lord Mayor.— No. If you focus your attention on the point whether this leaflet is likely to prejudice recruiting or discipline — several times you got on to that and drifted away from it. If you will just go back to that.

The Defendant.— I think the prosecution did go into the question of the nature of the Non-Combatant Corps and its duties.

Mr. Bodkin.— I only went into it so far as I read the language of the Act of Parliament, which is that a man may

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be exempted on the ground of conscientious objection to the undertaking of combatant service, that is, actual fighting to kill, but there is no relief from the undertaking of non-combatant service, the service of which is not to kill but is in support of the army.

The Defendant.— I am sorry, my Lord, if I have gone beyond my province. I do not myself see how it can be thought to be irrelevant to the charges of prejudicing discipline. My object was to show that such indiscipline as has occurred was in no way due to this leaflet but to the situation, and was bound to occur; and I think it is relevant to prove to you that it is not what we do that causes the indiscipline. Is not that relevant?

The Lord Mayor.— I do not think so.

The Defendant.— I wish to say that what I think is likely to result is that men will come to realize that the keeping of such men in the army is a source of possible indiscipline on the part of other soldiers, and that nothing can be more likely to promote resistance to orders than the spectacle of such men as this man refusing to obey the orders of commanding officers. It is necessary that you should not keep these men there as a constant incitement to indiscipline. You should have the army as far as possible composed of willing men. It is very difficult to maintain discipline in a body of unwilling men. Everett has not been turned into a soldier, and, in the opinion of the prosecution, the knowledge of his fate is likely to prevent others becoming soldiers. That is the case in so far as recruiting is concerned. I think it is now recognized by Cabinet Ministers that you must have a system by which these men can be restored to civil life. You can neither turn them into fighting men nor preserve in the minds of the public the contempt for them which is necessary for the authorities in their treatment of them.

I would say that we pacifists owe a great debt of gratitude to the Government for this persecution. We are faced by the difficulty that the first obvious result of our beliefs is the avoidance of a painful and dangerous duty which others consider imperative. We are grateful for the opportunity to perform a service—namely, the endurance of persecution which is open to us.

I would say, my Lord, that whether I personally am acquitted or condemned is a matter of no great importance, but it is not only I that am in the dock; it is the whole tradition of British liberty which our forefathers built up with great trouble and with great sacrifice. Other nations may excel us in some respects, but the tradition of liberty has been the supreme good that we in this country have cultivated. We have preserved, more than any other Power, respect for the individual conscience. It is for that that I stand. I think that under the stress of fear the authorities have somewhat forgotten that ancient tradition, and I think the fear is unworthy, and the tyranny which is resulting will be disastrous if it is not resisted. I would say to them 'You cannot defeat such men——'

The Lord Mayor.— I have allowed you a good deal of latitude because you are not an expert. Really now you are making a political speech.

The Defendant.— I wish to say that the only way in which discipline can be preserved is not to punish these men but to let them go.

The Clerk.— Do you call any evidence, Mr. Russell?

The Defendant.— No.

Mr. Russell was found guilty, and choosing to accept a prison sentence rather than pay a fine, served sixty-one days in jail.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIBERTY AND THE STATE

BY E. S. P. HAYNES

'We shall not find a way to permanent peace unless we can disabuse our minds of this modern superstition that sovereignty is the eternal, indefeasible, indispensable, and absolute property of the national State. . . . The State is the machinery of the mass, and it has become the master of our lives and liberties, to some of us the architect of our fortunes, to others of our ruin, but to all the arbiter of our consciences, the dictator of our truths, the censor of our morals, and the autocrat of our breakfast table.' These two sentences from the *Times* Literary Supplement of July 18 last tersely summarize the position of the modern State during the present war, which is, after all, the logical result of one hundred years' political growth. For the modern State derives its omnipotence partly from the Napoleonic despotism and conscription which resulted from the persecution of revolutionary France by kings and emperors, and partly from the Prussian war machine, reconstructed in so formidable a fashion by Stein and other Prussians who had been beaten to their knees by Napoleon.

In the old Europe before 1800 the Catholic Church internationally limited the despotism of the Nation-State; but the decline of the Catholic Church and of other churches has allowed and encouraged the State to annex many activities which were formerly in the province of the church — notably in the matter of shaping public opinion. In 1850 Richard Cobden and his friends, who could see beyond national limits, formulated and, as regards British free trade carried out, an ideal of international well-being and coöperation; but this failed to achieve the success of Karl Marx's ideas. The reduction of all citizens to a dead level at the mercy of every State was the actual achievement of the Marxian theory, which professed itself international; and in this respect German Socialism has been, though not quite consciously, of the greatest possible service to Prussian autocracy. The fact remains that from 1850 onwards there has been a continuous tendency throughout continental Europe to raise the powers of the national State, not only in time of war, but also in time of peace, to a level scarcely known before in the history of mankind.

In an interesting little essay Mr. Belfort Bax has analyzed the power of the State from the time when men emerge from tribal and rural life into urban and civilized life. The ancient Empires, whether we take Babylon, Assyria, Egypt, or Rome as examples, are all 'more or less loose confederacies of cities under an over-lordship, whose powers were mainly exercised in the direction of military service and of fiscal subsidies usually for war purposes.' The coercive machinery of such Empires was therefore quiescent except in time of war; and the local centres and cities enjoyed considerable autonomy.

All this is even more true of mediæval Europe with its free cities, its territorial jurisdictions, and cosmo-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

politan church and clergy. Even after the Renaissance, when the Nation-State became the 'war-waging unit,' a man like Erasmus in the sixteenth, or Grotius in the seventeenth, or Voltaire in the eighteenth century, could feel a citizen of Europe.

What then were the causes of the process by which, from 1850 the State became the 'arbiter of our consciences, the dictator of our truths, the censor of our morals, and the autocrat of our breakfast table'? We have noted the deification of the State in France under Napoleonic auspices; but this, after all, did not seriously affect the population in time of peace. In France, as in Ireland, the property of the small peasant and investor has always been the bulwark of individual liberty.

In Great Britain from 1850 to 1880 the influence of Mill and Spencer and Cobden resulted in an ideal of the State as nothing but a policeman, which Huxley called 'administrative nihilism.' It is from 1880 that we observe an entirely new school of thought which, based on the teachings and writings of Carlyle, T. H. Green, Seeley, Ritchie, Charles Pearson, Edward Caird, Frederick Pollock, and Bosanquet prepared the way for the Fabians of our own day, whose influence on the government of this country is only too obvious at this moment.

Mr. Belloc is no doubt right in attributing the decline of individual liberty to the industrial revolution and the decline of the small freeholder and yeoman farmer. Mr. Shaw may be right in his view that the abolition of the right to riot in large cities by the creation of an efficient police force (starting from the 'Peelers') destroyed all instincts of liberty. But I believe that the primary influence at work was the combined influence of Hegel and Marx, whose advocacy of an autocratic State was enormously assisted by the astonishing prestige of German philosophy and ideas which has prevailed in England from 1880 to the present day.

It is, of course, absurd for the Harmsworth Press to suggest that Lord Haldane is the only person in Great Britain whose intellectual home was in Germany. ('Intellectual' is, by the way, a better translation of Lord Haldane's own word *geistlich* than 'spiritual.') The whole of the governing class was steeped in German ideas of the State; and even to-day the British bureaucrat is always trying to ascertain and imitate what the German bureaucrat did yesterday. The governing class was largely educated at Balliol; and the Balliol dons from the time of Green and Ritchie always idolized the State. Edward Caird was soaked in the openly Prussian philosophy of Hegel; and the present Master has always preached 'more State interference.'

The whole idea of government was to organize not only the lives but also the opinions of the proletariat and to treat them as children, after the analogy openly expounded by Fitzjames Stephen in his book, *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*. The 'wise minority,' wrote Stephen, is 'justified in coercing the foolish majority for their own good,' and is, in fact, under a duty to do so. That 'coercion' should, if possible, take the form of hoodwinking followed as the night the day.

Now it is clear that the motives of these British rulers and philosophers were on the whole virtuous. They thought that the British proletariat, as Stephen thought that the population of Ireland or India, were always needing constraint 'for their own good.' But the philosophy which they borrowed had more sinister doctrines behind it. We must never forget that war is the 'national industry of Prus-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sia,' and that the Prussian regards peace simply as a period of preparation for war, just as he regards any humanity in war as an illogical concession to an ideal of peace as a permanent condition of the human race. This sentence is no mere exercise in rhetoric. From the year 1500 onwards the Prussian has at least once in every fifty years brought the havoc and desolation of war into any territory he has coveted. The magic of robbery turns sand into gold for him.

Liberty has never existed except in an atmosphere which has not been poisoned by war or fear of war. There is, consequently, no place for liberty in any scheme of Prussian philosophy or statecraft. The 'foolish majority' that desires peace must, therefore, always be 'coerced by the wise minority' that will never desist from war till the world becomes Prussian. The Prussian may, of course, retort that the more modern policy of Great Britain is only a hypocritical imitation of Prussian philosophy, and perhaps the more successful because of its hypocrisy. He may very plausibly argue that the governing class of Great Britain has by now contracted the habit of regarding its own industrial proletariat as if they were Irish or Indian or Egyptian.

But that argument is not really just. The British Government has always had finer motives in the background. Colonial administrators have encouraged cricket, cleanliness, agriculture, and kindliness all over the face of the globe; but they have never tried to establish the reign of terror which Germany has never failed to establish in her colonies. Even the Prussian propagandist will scarcely venture to suggest that the British dominions or India have swelled the British army in sheer fright of British resentment. Under British rule there has been a fine tradition of justice between man and man which is, in principle, based on a respect for human liberty.

Where, on the other hand, as in Ireland and India, the attitude of benevolent despotism has been adopted it has not conspicuously succeeded. The Indian problem is not at all the same problem as the Irish and need not be discussed here; but we may note that the ideal of Indian government, according to current Fabian thought, is one of self-determination, both political and individual. The Ireland of today is a little oasis of individual liberty in a world of military, and virtually industrial, conscription. But the Fabian attitude to Ireland is curiously inconsistent with Fabian principles; for the new Fabian shrieks at the bare idea of conscription or any coercive measures being applied to the one country in the British Empire which has successfully defied the power of modern Collectivism even in war time.

The only point on which Fabian propaganda remains consistent is in the society's various schemes for a League of Nations, which are just as elaborate and top-heavy and likely to stir up the susceptibilities of small States as their old ideas of government were in regard to the proletariat. The small State is to be taught its place in the world as severely as the small man with three acres and a cow was to be taught his place as a citizen in a State-owned system of agriculture; and the international Parliament of Fabian imagination will, for all practical purposes and by reason of the voting powers given, be a body carrying out the ideas of the really big industrial States and imposing a vast international uniformity on the whole world. It is useless to tell the Fabian that the world can do without an international Parliament, even if it requires an international tribunal, for *ex hypothesi*, the Fabian knows better

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than the small State or the small man what is good for it or him.

But as the Fabian is changing his views in regard to the question of individual liberty and is presumably open to reason on the question of national liberty, this is perhaps an opportune moment for briefly analyzing what may seem perhaps two obvious though vital problems in regard to the working of the modern State.

The first of these problems is: *What is to be the relation of the State to the general will and the welfare of the individual?* and the second is: *How can the modern Nation-State co-exist with any International Commonwealth?* Both these questions must be answered in some detail before we are able to see how 'created to make life possible, the State exists, or should exist, to make life better and not to make it intolerable by fear and frightfulness.'

Let us first examine the sanctions of the modern State by Rousseau's test of the 'general will.' The general will may, in minor respects, not always coincide with the welfare of the individual; and if properly expressed and enforced it may often severely and justly restrain the activities of corporations. But the question is how to get the general will expressed *at all* in any larger unit than a Swiss township, or except, clumsily, through the machinery of the Referendum. It is admitted that in driving the huge and complicated machinery of the modern State the executive ministers can only guess and assume what the general will demands. The general will obviously demands police protection and national defense, and, in times like the present, a strict organization of man power and food and raw materials and war supplies. But in peace time what does any citizen really require of the State beyond the elementary regulation of society? He does not spend his time crying for the moon in the shape of crazy experiments in what is called social reform. He merely wants equality of opportunity for all coupled with a reasonable system of modern taxation. The factory legislation and compulsory education of the nineteenth century are excellent examples of State interference that is desired or tolerated by the general will; but, on the other hand, such measures have the grave disadvantage of encouraging just the sort of much less sound legislation which leads to what Mr. Belloc has christened the 'Servile State.' Mr. Belloc indeed traces the origin of the Servile State to the Poor Law legislation of Queen Elizabeth; but we need not dispute the question of origins too closely. His definition of the Servile State is 'A State in which the mass of men shall be constrained *by law* to labor to the profit of a minority, but as the price of such constraint shall enjoy a security which the old Capitalism did not give them. . . . There are two contrasting *Status* of owners and non-owners. The first must not be allowed to leave the second without subsistence; the second must not be allowed to obtain that grip upon the means of production which is the privilege of the first.'

The Insurance Act and many similar measures, unblushingly borrowed from Germany by British Liberal Ministers long before the war, started a tradition of servile legislation which has proved exceedingly dangerous in war time. I need only refer to the fortunately abortive strike at Coventry and elsewhere in July, 1918, when the issuing of secret instructions by the Minister of Munitions to employers which interfered with the skilled workman's right to sell his own labor, aroused protests even from the Socialist thinkers who had initiated the mischievous habit of the State, in collusion with the em-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ployer, riding roughshod over the individual idiosyncrasies of the artisan.

Tyrannical administration is no monopoly of emperors and kings; for in the larger sphere of politics there will always be interfering, bullying, and persecuting minorities who invoke the prestige of the general will for their own purposes and become intolerable unless vigilantly observed and controlled by counter-organization. Denouncing the former interference of kings and squires and parsons, they indulge their own idiosyncrasies under the mask of general philanthropy; and the reign of King Log is exchanged for that of King Stork. The general will being an unknown quantity — indeed, almost a vacuum in the body politic — becomes the stalking-horse of every plutocratic faddist, bureaucratic mandarin, newspaper proprietor, or corrupt corporation, who all conspire in the universal game of dragooning any citizen who is too poor to resist the process.

Liberty is, like most English ideals, negative; but the ideal implicit in the word is that every man should be able to follow his own vocation, and sense of vocation, so far as possible. It is, of course, impossible, except in the German army, to allow a man with a genius for robbery by violence to pursue the noble art of burglary; but a civilized community can generally provide a substituted occupation in the walks of politics or finance. There are, indeed, some philosophers who tell us that the great surgeon is at heart, though unconsciously, a Sadist.

It is no doubt very difficult to achieve any really representative government; but our ancestors at least achieved a system of government in which unnecessary interference with the individual was never tolerated except under the spur of some urgent necessity. Again, wealth can never be equally distributed, if only because some men care much more about money than others; but France has at least achieved a government under which a man need not find it impossible to invest his money with security or divorce his wife or enjoy immunity from bureaucratic interference merely because he is poor. Nor is it impossible to achieve what Mr. Wells condemns as 'delegate democracy,' in which elected representatives are not given a free hand to play ducks and drakes with public funds and private property alike. But we cannot create such a polity unless we secure the citizen against the prostitution and exploitation of the general will which results from a deification of the State as such. The encouragement of the small investor and a jealous control of the formation of opinion by the State or a particular group of newspapers are the first steps to be taken in this direction. The Fabians must not forget, and perhaps they are quite aware, that there is a new and growing enthusiasm for individual liberty among the working classes of Great Britain.

I now come to the second and perhaps even more burning question, How can the modern Nation-State co-exist with any International Commonwealth? The old problem of liberty occurs here and on a larger scale. We have often been told that the object of the present war is to preserve the character or soul of the small State from the bullying and persecuting activities of a supernational power. Under such conditions alone can a small State follow its sense of vocation. This object will certainly not be achieved unless we are content to start from the small beginnings of a league for mutual self-protection and the abolition of neutrality, as Lord Parker suggested in his speech to the House of Lords on the 19th of March, 1918. To start with any

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more elaborate machinery would at once encourage a combination of the bigger States to interfere, blindly and ignorantly, with the weaker members of the league in unessential matters and so create dissension from the first. A sound substructure is essential in the first instance; and the nations should not be forced into any coöperation that is not absolutely necessary for the supreme object of settling disputes without violence.

For side by side with the growth of the league, the international life of commerce and culture will be reviving as it did before the war; and the much-abused ideals of Cobden will reassert themselves in practice, and so give a fleshly covering to the dry bones of the original league. Nevertheless, there will have to be a general recognition of the fact that no nation can expect to participate in the International Commonwealth without just that decent regard for the rights and privileges of others which the good citizen shows in the sphere of public and private life. Again, that general recognition can only be based on the spirit of 'live and let live' which is connoted by all that we mean by the word 'Liberty.'

We must be prepared to tolerate variety and diversity instead of imposing the dead level of uniformity which is so dear to the Fabian mind and no doubt has its origin in the philosophy of German militarism. This great lesson was not lost upon the builders of the Roman and the British Empires and has been embodied in the best Christian philosophy, as we see in the great ideals of mediæval Europe or even in the post-Renascence thought of Grotius.

Thinkers like Mr. Fell, and some Catholic theologians, maintain that no respect for liberty can ever exist except by the aid of supernatural sanctions. Whether this be true or not, we can at least all agree with Lord Acton that Liberty is the 'delicate fruit of a mature civilization,' and that it cannot live and flourish without constant care and cultivation. For all these reasons it is clear that no League of Nations or international commonwealth will ever last more than a few years unless it is based on a respect for the liberty of the small State which will never be felt by politicians who have grown up in the Prussian and Fabian school of contempt for the liberty of the individual. The Fabian leaders would, therefore, be wise to start on a thorough reconstruction of their teaching so as to reconcile their recent enthusiasm for individual liberty with their original principles, or else to declare new principles; and they should, above all, remember the vital importance of liberty in any scheme for the peaceful settlement of international disputes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A FRENCHMAN IN GREECE

BY ROBERT VAUCHER

Athens

THIS morning I asked an Athenian friend whether anything was likely to happen to-day, and received the answer, 'Nothing. To-day is Tuesday, and since Tuesday was the day on which Constantinople fell, it is considered unlucky. Moreover, King Constantine abdicated on a Tuesday, and our people are more than ever persuaded that nothing should be done on that day. M. Venizelos will respect the tradition and remain at the Piræus aboard the Jurien de la Gravière. You have plenty of time to go and see the soldiers on the Acropolis.'

A few steps from my hotel, I find in the street leading to Hadrian's Gate a convoy of muleteers. They advance slowly under the burning Athenian sun. The street is deserted. All the world is enjoying a *siesta*, and only our poilus, who are carrying up to their comrades the allowance of army wine, have ventured out to dare the rays of Phœbus.

'Where are you going?'

'We are carrying provisions to the Acropolis,' cries a bronzed corporal wearing the *croix de guerre*.

I follow. Soon we come upon a large camp. The theatre of Dionysius is full of colonial troops. In the shadows of the ruins, upon the steps of the porticoes, as far as the Odeum of Herodes, poilus are sleeping, wearied by the heat. Their khaki uniforms blend with the golden tones of the ancient marbles. Arrived here only this morning, they already seem to have been at hand for months. The cooks are preparing the stew by the old walls of the Odeum; the 'commissary department of the Acropolis' leaves there part of its load and then goes on to Lycabettus where they have a camp in the shade of some stunted pines.

The horses of our artillerymen are ranged in a line along the balustrade which closes the entrance to the Acropolis and are munching a hay perfumed with the flowers of Attica.

Bayonets mounted, two soldiers stand on guard at the gate which bears Beulé's name. A little group walking down to the theatre of Dionysius stops to read an inscription cut on an antique plaque: 'The buried doors, walls, towers, and staircase of the Acropolis were restored to the light of day by France. 1853. Beulé discovered them.'

Our brave poilus immediately feel themselves at home. Looking at the Propylæa shining in the sun and lifting its broken pylons to a sky of stainless azure, a poilu murmurs, 'One would think that the Boches had been here, it is all so broken up!'

Sentries stand by the Parthenon. Looking at the wild light playing on the colonnade spotted with old gold, I call to mind those French soldiers of 1824 who broke the Turkish blockade, brought reinforcements and ammunition to the Greeks and, under the command of Colonel Favier, defended the holy soil of the Acropolis against the vandalism of barbarians.

Reclining on the steps of the Parthenon facing the Temple of Rome, the soldiers sleep, happy in finding a bit of shade. Two of them perseveringly file away at bits of metal which they are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

making into cigarette lighters. At one side between two giant columns of the pronaos, an amateur photographer has fitted up a studio. A drum of a column serves him for a table; and the negatives are washed in fresh water from the sacred spring. One of the photographers introduces me to the mascot of the regiment, a little goat named Georgette. She was found, so they say, in a Bulgarian trench a month ago, and brought with all care to Athens. The good creature and the battalion's dog are calmly taking a sun bath by the fragments of the architraves which strew the ground about the temple of Athena Polias.

On approaching the wall of Themistocles, one sees that every care has been taken that there shall be no more uprisings. A large number of machine guns have been stationed between the columns and fragments of the statues of the gods. In the gaps of the Pelasgian wall, mountain cannon are hidden. In a tent nearby a Turkish cistern into which lovely fragments of ancient capitals have been built, is the central telephone station of the Acropolis. From the Temple of Victory below, a bugle sounds gayly, and is answered by another bugle on the hill of Philopappos.

The sun is sinking in an apotheosis of golden light. I descend the steps of the Propylæa.

Below, I find the kingdom, of the artillerymen. In a threatening line, our 'seventy-fives' are stationed along the hill of the Muses. The view of the Acropolis, Hymettus, Lycabettus, the plain, the mountains of Attica and the gulf is superb. Seated before their tents our soldiers wonder at the colors of the Athenian sky and watch the sun disappearing into purple clouds bright with lines of gold.

With the Venizelist Troops

One simply cannot sleep. For the third time I have been wakened by a pressure against the hand in which I have clutched my blanket. A lean, warm shape with two eyes burning green in the obscurity, pokes its way into my army cot, thrusts aside my arm, and after turning round two or three times upon my legs without bothering itself about me, settles down and lies quiet. It is the Turkish wolfhound of my friend, the captain of the Greek staff, who is trying once more to make me understand that I am *de trop* in a bed which rightly belongs to him. And so I have to get up again, lead him to a corner of the room where a fire burns gently all night long, for it is still very cold, and cover him with bits of old sacking destined for the trenches. How long will he let me rest in quiet?

The hardest task of all is to go to sleep again. I am, nevertheless, quite tired. I arrived last night in the little village in which the staff of the Greek division is staying at the end of a long journey in a goods train. The windows of the coach were broken, gusts of wind blew through it, we were exposed to a veritable inundation of rain. Colonel Negropontes, the Greek chief of staff, a staff officer, three or four French poilus returning to their regiments, and a war correspondent were all lodged together; luckily for us, a soldier of the Engineer Corps was on his way home from Salonica with a package of nails, and we soon cut off the wind by fastening an overcoat over the window.

These army trains have quite an air of knowing that it is useless to hurry. Whether it be on the Monastir or the Vardar road, the trains apparently make it a point to test one's patience by long waits at every station and by stopping at isolated camps to leave food or war material.

At the last station, however, horses were waiting for us. We went off at a rapid trot under a pelting rain, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

soon began to splash about in the slimy mud of this alluvial plain. What happens only too often happened again; the donkey carrying our baggages slid, and our camp beds, clothes, and provisions went for a bath in forty centimetres of mud. Fishing them out again was an unhappy business. So to-night, after my arrival, I had hoped to sleep for there is a hard day before me. But the Bulgarians have just chosen to remind me that one must not make plans too long ahead. They have chosen this bad weather for a bombardment of the British lines and camps on the other side of the Vardar.

The big shells make a deafening hullabaloo. Suddenly our artillery men open fire. In the night of cold and rain, the combat flames into an unaccustomed fury. The little Macedonian house in which we live trembles constantly, the mud walls show cracks which are slowly widening. One can easily imagine the moment in which we may have to leave the house in haste. It is impossible to get to sleep again. We gather round the fire, drink a tiny cup of Turkish coffee, and my companion talks of the Venizelist troops.

The young captain whose guest I am, is as much a Parisian as a Greek; I have no feeling whatever of being with a stranger. A friend of Prince Nicholas, a guest of the royal family, he has left Athens behind him and come hither to dwell in a Macedonian hut, because he feels that the cause of the Entente is the cause of Greece. Before leaving the capital, he fought against the German influences in Constantine's court, then seeing that he was talking to deaf ears, he fled the town in order to stand consistently by his principles. Venizelos was right; he would go to battle even if the King did not lead and forgot his duty. He would fight a third campaign on this moor of the Vardar where, by his sovereign's side, he had already fought against the Turks and the Bulgarians.

The tumult continues till dawn.

The Vardar

Are the Bulgarians going to attack? Or do they mean, by a violent bombardment, to prevent us coöperating with the action taking place on our left flank. The weather is favorable for surprises. One cannot distinguish a thing twenty metres away. A wet snow whips one's face. The wind from the Vardar is more glacial than ever.

We mount on horseback to go to the front lines. The country, this morning, is fearfully desolate. Hill after hill covered with underbrush sweeps away; this Macedonian landscape seems especially created for guerrilla warfare. The cannon thunders without an interruption. The tempest ceases. Our horses, frightened by the whistling of the shells, gallop headlong and soon reach the headquarters of the first Venizelist regiment. The gray and brown tents, pitched in a ravine, are very well hidden.

The colonel who receives us is a fine and soldierly-looking officer, who speaks our language well. A graduate of our military school at Fontainebleau, he has been one of the most fervent sowers of French ideas in Greece.

After the picturesque camps by the rear lines, we reach the actual front. All this *secteur* is a mere line of headlands and ravines, of hills growing higher and more savage as they sweep away from the Vardar and approach the Kaimatchalan line held by the Serbs. The fortifications erected by the Greek and French battalions are superb. The trenches are deep, securely hidden, and well provided with dugouts and machine gun emplacements.

The Greeks have understood well enough that they could do nothing by themselves, and with a touching

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

modesty they have gone to school to their new companies in arms. The Greeks began by assuming the command of company *secteurs*. The French officers of the companies alternating with the Venizelist detachments became the instructors of the Greeks, and the latter quickly understood the character of the present war. French soldiers and Greek soldiers aided each other. The Frenchmen, old in battle, soon revealed to these neophytes all the tricks of the trade, and their scholars had but one wish — to show themselves worthy of their masters. At no time has there been any friction between the French personnel and the Greek personnel of these divisions. Once their schooling was complete, the Venizelists were given battalion *secteurs*, and, finally, regimental *secteurs*. The three last local operations of importance were carried out by Greek troops, and won for them three citations to the order of the day.

Many of the soldiers in the trenches are Greek refugees from Asia Minor. They are grateful to Venizelos for all that he has done to liberate them from the Turkish yoke, and furious with Constantine whose pro-German attitude has spoiled their chance of freedom.

The sanitary conditions of the troops are excellent. Unhappily, with the spring, malaria, that terrible enemy of the eastern armies, will become more frequent.

The Greek and the French soldiers have constructed more than a hundred and forty kilometres of road in this *secteur*. On the crests of the hills which rise above the plain of the Vardar, the *terrain* is sandy, and we have, therefore, blotted out the paths to the trenches with sand. The land round the big half-destroyed Turkish villages of Maya-dag, Kara, Sinanci, and Slop, is very fertile and groves of mulberries cover the hills, while in the ravaged fields were plantations of maize and tobacco.

Suddenly, through the gathering twilight I hear the sound of a church bell. It is a kind of angelus that is ringing, the vigorous, crisp angelus of war. Our poilus have put the bell of the ruined church in a clearing of the lines, and the silvery notes are announcing the supper hour.

Corfu

The royalist troops are leaving Corfu, and the *Zito o Basileus Constantinos!* (Long live King Constantine!) is dying away. There is a movement of retreat in the crowd, which is massed against the parapets of the port. Finally, quiet is restored, and only a faint *Zito Basileus!* is heard from the boats carrying the soldiers away from the roadstead. The bad humor of a Senegal corporal giving vent to his feelings against the crowd which has jostled him was sufficient to rout the disciples of Constantine.

All the idlers were at hand to see the troops leave Corfu for the Peloponnesus. Bands playing (oh, irony!) French marches, went down the streets leading from the citadel to the port followed by infantry companies. In the heart of the detachment, rolled up in a black leather cover, could be seen the royal flag, escorted by a guard of honor.

I have often seen prisoners march past, Germans, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, but never have I witnessed such a dismal scene as this passing of a regiment apparently ashamed of displaying its flag. They seemed to feel that their standard no longer represented a free and liberal Greece, but a nation neglectful of its pledges. However, these men prefer to leave their island and go to Peloponnesus rather than accept the duties which the Serbian-Greek alliance imposes on them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Serbs, who see their former brothers-in-arms pass by, do not hide their contempt. The populace, however, which forms a line along the narrow and picturesque streets of Corfu, looks on unmoved. The pro-Germans are furious. All their hopes had been staked on Germany's breaking the Salonica front, and uniting her troops with those of the brother-in-law of the Kaiser. Ever since the French troops landed a year ago at Corfu, rumors were spread broadcast anticipating such a German victory. Last week it was Monastir which had been retaken by the Bulgarians, those enemies of Hellenism for whom the royalists are now full of praise. Yesterday it was asserted in Greek circles that the Germans had taken Verdun. Boche propaganda is intangible and creeps in everywhere.

To-day, in spite of all the imaginary victories of William II, in spite of all the hopes of Venizelos's adversaries, the Entente has the upper hand. After deriding us so long, and after making use of all manner of stratagem in order to delay the concentration of the troops in the Peloponnesus, the king's Government has been obliged to obey us.

At Corfu the embarkation of the garrison and war material was carried out in a most regular manner. The artillery which consisted of some old Krupp cannons of the 1877 model was embarked first; the modern cannons having been handed over to the French in December. The bad weather, however, rendered this operation somewhat difficult. The Greek war material consists chiefly of cartridge boxes, taken from the Turks during the first Balkan war; they bear in addition to the Turkish inscriptions, the following mark: *Fertige Metallpatronen D. W. und M. Constantinopel.* Unhappy trophies brought back to Corfu by a victorious army whose troops are now leaving the island trembling at the idea that they might have to fight, and not a little worried at the thought that they may meet a submarine between Corfu and Patras!

Our Zouaves reassure these poor people by telling them that the Germans would never be guilty of such black ingratitude! The Boches, they tell the Greeks, are quite aware of their debt to the so-called neutrality of Greece and of the services rendered the Central Empires by the Government of Constantine. No, the emperor's pirates will show their gratitude by respecting the Hellenic flag. But Constantine's soldiers seem to have but small confidence in German gratitude and much more in the cannons of the French torpedo boats, which have been ordered to escort them to the Peloponnesus.

The French administration of the matter was painstakingly careful. Not a man, not a box, not a mule was embarked before it had been registered by French officers. Many of the Greek soldiers are very poorly outfitted. I just met a poor recruit in a uniform torn and mended, with his toes sticking out of his shoes, pulling along a very thin and stubborn donkey. This afternoon everything went off admirably up to the moment when the tug boat, carrying the troops, left the wharf to join the steamers anchored in the roadstead. Then the soldiers and officers, who were furious at having to leave such an agreeable garrison as Corfu and go to live in the concentration camp of the Peloponnesus, could not refrain from crying out loudly: 'Long live the King,' a cry which was repeated a thousand times by the populace.

The French officers smiled indulgently: 'We must play the game good-humoredly,' a captain who accompanied the Greek officers said to me. 'Let them have this small satisfaction.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DEBT OF FRANCE TO ITALY

BY PAUL PAINLEVÉ

THE welcome which Paris extended to President Wilson was the ardent and grandiose welcome which all good Frenchmen expected. With an enthusiasm in which sympathy and respect were mingled, Paris saluted both the chief representative of a people and of a continent, which sprang to arms at the call of Justice, and the statesman whose lucid and generous intelligence, tenacious will, and power of serene vision discerned in the whirlwind of the present tempest, the pathway of future times.

Yesterday, another great ally was the guest of our city. The acclamations which of late greeted President Wilson have continued and become innumerable *vivas* for the noble Italian nation and its first citizen, the King.

Though no Frenchman is ignorant of the debt of gratitude which France contracted to Italy during the course of the greatest trial in her history, it is a joy for us, in these days of general festival, to recall the help brought to us, in hours of huge peril, by the friendly offices of our Latin sister.

Let us recall those sinister days of August, 1914. The savage aggression of Germany has been loosed; the French army, the scattered but unconquered army of Belgium, and the little army of England, foundation stone of the great army of the Empire, are struggling desperately to stem the tide of the invasion.

What will Italy do? For many long years a treaty of alliance has bound her to our adversaries. German industry, commerce, and finance are deeply rooted in the peninsula. Berlin believes that Italy will never be able to disentangle herself from this heavy network of interests and intrigues; nevertheless, and here one beholds the break coming from afar, she has already told Germany and Austria that she will not share in their policy of aggression. But the realists of the Rhine are strong, and both by threat and by insinuation, resist her will. How shall Italy dare to stand aside, when the mighty power of Germany spreads over the earth, and already believes itself triumphant?

What will Italy do? If she declares against us, we shall have to station our Alpine corps on our southwestern frontier, and our Algerian and Moroccan troops will not be able to leave Northern Africa, for Tunisia will be threatened by an Italian fleet, which, united with the Austrian and the German fleet, can dispute our mastery of the Mediterranean.

Thus, if Italy, in those crucial August days, had not assured us of her benevolent neutrality, our Alpine and African troops would not have fought at the Marne, and that victory might have been robbed of its fruits.

These are facts which no Parisian, who saw our Moroccan army pass through the streets on the night of September 30 and is aware of the essential rôle played by that army in the battle of the Ourcq, can ever forget.

And now the spring of 1915 is at hand, the French front has become stabilized, but the Russian army, after its glorious victories and in spite of its heroism, suffers a crushing disaster.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Germany doubles Italy's allowance of threats, offers, and smiles; her ablest diplomat, M. von Bülow, is charged with the duty of leading her from the path. If she fares forth with her old friends of Prussia, she shall have the Trentino, which belongs to Austria, and Tunisia and Corsica which belong to France; nay, for merely remaining neutral she shall have her reward. If, however, she indulges in the madness of joining the Allies — what a punishment shall be hers! But the manœuvres are in vain. Italy, who has for nine months been silently and resolutely putting on her armor, has made her choice, thrilled by the noble voice of D'Annunzio, the Roman people have declared for war. In vain, at the critical hour, do subterranean intrigues unsettle the loyal ministry of Salandra. The King, the Democrat King, the friend of France and of justice, yielding to his own secret will and the generous aspirations of his people recalls Salandra to power. War is declared against Austria; Italy stands beside us.

This is the brave act which all Frenchmen will remember not only amid the tumult of to-day's rejoicing but also in the distant future — that to defend both her future liberty and our just cause, Italy entered this most cruel of wars, voluntarily.

For the rest, between brothers in arms all is held in common, both good and bad fortune. Must I call to mind the changing fortunes of the gigantic struggle, the cyclopean labors of the Italian army on the snow-capped mountains, the ingenuity which lifted heavy cannon to the topmost crags, the constancy of mind which faced the endless perils, the cold, the privations, the choice between costly victory and sudden defeat, matters now ended gloriously with the final triumph?

It is the hours of anxiety and pain which put true friendships to the test; only those alliances resist whose temper is of the finest. For this reason, it pleases me to recall the perilous days of November, 1917, and the welcome given our troops by the smallest villages of Northern Italy, the popular confidence and enthusiasm, and, in Brescia, proud and agitated beneath the German threat, the flowers thrown from every window on the soldiers of France. And now there rises before me the picture of two battalions of our *chasseurs*, one composed of territorial troops, the other of youngsters, beneath the radiant sun of an old Italian town close by one of the battlefields of '59. Their blood was soon to flow on a foreign, but friendly, soil at the victory of Mt. Tomba. And my thought unites these French soldiers with those intrepid Garibaldians who came at the earliest hour to fight beside us at the Marne and with that magnificent Italian division which, last July, at the second battle of the Marne, so generously contributed to the victory.

Such memories weave between nations bonds that the future can neither break nor loosen. There are no chance difficulties, no territorial problems, no national susceptibilities which can ever weaken the confidence and friendship of two peoples who held to one another in hours of mortal danger. Such are the thoughts present in every heart to-day. To-day let us remember that five hundred thousand Italian soldiers fell in the struggle for liberty and that their spirits are standing at our side, let us remember that Victor Emmanuel III risked, in this most deadly war, not only his throne — which means but little to him — but the future of his nation. In acclaiming him after the President of the Great Republic, we greet a soldier and citizen king, the never wavering friend of France; it is all Italy that France salutes, heroic Italy and our brothers, her people.

Le Petit Parisien

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHOULD PRUSSIA CONTINUE TO EXIST?

BY OBERPRÄSIDENT VON BATOCKI

THE preservation, the unity, and unitary character of the German Empire and people is the most important task of the moment. From this one point of view alone, to the exclusion of every particularistic consideration, must the Prussian question, also be judged. The Prussian State is a creation of the Hohenzollerns. The Mark, increased by conquests in the early Middle Ages, and the two portions gained by treaties of inheritance — Old Prussia in the East and the kernel of Rhineland-Westphalia in the West — were moulded by the governing art of Frederick William I into the firm unified form of the magisterial and military State, then enlarged by the conquest of Silesia, and bound together in a geographic whole by the incorporation of Polish territory at the end of the eighteenth century and of the small German states in the sixth decade of the nineteenth century. The inward attachment of the districts inhabited by Poles, which stretch in three tongues deep into the State territory, has failed, in spite of all efforts, good and bad, and a breaking off again of at least a large part of these territories is to be reckoned upon. The inward attachment of the newly-acquired provinces in the West, facilitated by the purely German population, had already progressed pretty far at the outbreak of war. Separative efforts still existed at most in Hanover. A certain inward opposition, it is true, remained between the more recent Western provinces and the old Eastern provinces. The respect, but not the inclination, of the West had been won by the hard tenacious character of the East Elbian population and government, developed under guidance of the Prussian kings, in age-long battle with hostile neighbors and a niggard nature. The giant image of Gross Berlin stood a thing by itself, in administrative policy, opinions, and popular character between West and East.

The firmly uniting bond between the parts was, however, provided by a brief but glorious common history, and by the ruling House, which had fast anchored itself in the ideas of the majority of the people, especially during the glorious years following 1864. This bond is forever dissolved. Even in the event of the Monarchy's return, it will be only a question of a Kaiser, politically powerless, but more symbolically uniting the Empire, never, however, of a return of the Prussian kingship tightly clasping Prussia together as a unitary separate State.

In the structure of the German Empire Prussia, from the point of view of imperial unity, was always politically an alien body. In the Empire was a Democratic, in Prussia a plutocratic, franchise; there an abundance of self-centred, independent, medium, and petty States forming centres of culture, here a great State spreading itself right across the Empire, comprising three fifths of it, and divided into various provinces completely dissimilar in race, political complexion, creed, and economic needs.

The Empire was the real wielder of the State authority in virtue of its capacity, practically unlimited by the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Constitution, of attracting the affairs of the separate States to itself. The Reichstag, it is true, was not decided until recently to make full use of its power, until the war of itself gave it an ever-increasing preponderance over the sophistically construed sovereignty of the separate States represented in the Bundesrat. The Imperial authorities, entrusted with ever-increasing tasks, but without a proper substructure in the States and provinces, without proper succession of officials trained through all stages, without continued contact with their pulsating life, without direct compulsory powers towards local authorities, saw themselves only too often condemned to useless, even utopian legislation. In the other federal States independent State life could maintain itself. Prussia had to purchase dearly its right of forming the predominant power in Germany with an ever-increasing surrender of its leading authorities, Landtag and Ministry, in favor of the Reichstag and its Imperial officials. The work of the Prussian Ministries, though possessing over the Imperial offices the great advantage of a strong substructure ramifying into the remotest village, became more and more crippled in the struggle with the, in reality, less efficient but politically stronger Imperial offices. The self-same leaders had to practise Democratic Imperial policy and Conservative Prussian policy. An insoluble task.

The difficulties are now removed. It is presumably certain that the Prussian Parliament would perform its tasks extending over three fifths of the Empire on the same political basis as the Reichstag, in consequence of the same franchise, and that the Government of the Empire and Prussia proceeding from Parliamentary majorities on Parliamentary principles would follow the same trend. Therewith, however, precisely the justification for the separate State life of a unitary Prussia falls to the ground. The parallel existence of an imperial and a Prussian Home office, etc., becomes a senseless and purposeless conglomeration of authorities for the three fifths of the Empire which belong to Prussia.

Prussia, therefore, as a unitary component State of the German Empire must disappear. That does not mean that the independent political and cultural life in the separate German provinces must be leveled down and — after a Parisian model — Berlinized. On the contrary, this historical advantage of the German spiritual and economic life must, combined with the necessity of a unified leadership, be preserved to us in the coming terribly difficult times as one of our few assets. Only with the removal of Prussia as a unified separate State would this advantage be accorded in increased extent to the component parts of the present Prussian State. No man can assert that Königsburg and Kiel have any closer relation, racial, cultural, or economic, to Cologne, Cassel, or Breslau than to Weimer, Dresden, or Darmstadt, or to Schwerin, Hamburg, or Lübeck. If the greater non-Prussian centres rightfully claim also in the future a large measure of independent State life, this cannot be refused to those provinces which were welded together into the unified Prussian State purely by Hohenzollern rule and not by the nature of things.

An index of the senselessness of this relation under present circumstances is afforded by the recently assembled Imperial Conference of the representatives of the former federal States in which Oldenburg and Hamburg, Hesse, Bavaria and Saxony, Brunswick and Weimar, and, strangely, by a sport of chance the smaller Prussian province, Schleswig-Holstein, had their independent representation, while the Rhine province, Westphalia, Silesia,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

East Prussia, etc., had to put up with representation through the completely alien organs of Gross Berlin.

Necessary for the future as is the maintenance of the Empire's unity, with inclusion of German Austria if admissible, just as impossible is the continuance of such disparity between the Prussian and the non-Prussian lands. The efforts to sever the Rhineland from Prussia and to make it an independent member of the Empire with equal rights to Bavaria, Baden, etc., are, therefore, fundamentally perfectly justified. They will, doubtless, find imitation in the other independent Prussian cultural and economic territories, and lead to the demand for the same measure of independence, as in the other members of the Empire. If at the same time the petty States which are incapable of life vanish, there would result a picture of ten to fifteen German provinces closely united by a firm imperial bond, yet filled with their own political, economic, and cultural life. Only thus can an imperial fabric be raised, preserving the advantage of decentralization and liberated from constructive errors which have been historically incompatible with the new development — namely, the existence of small States incapable of survival, and of a great Prussian State forming an alien body in the structure of the Empire. The position of all these territories will become something like that of the present medium federal States. The Empire would issue instructions and take over their execution in most active and continual relations with the subordinate States; the subordinate States, like the *Bunderstaaten* hitherto, would have to carry out the regulations according to the principles of free Democratic self-administration; and, as far as the Empire permits it, take independent measures. How much the subordinate States would measure is to the point. Should Württemberg, Baden, and Hesse, as is one proposal, unite in one *Unterstaat*, Prussia at this rate would fall into three or four parts. Should the south German medium States remain independent, every two or three Prussian provinces would be made one subordinate State.

When the change should take place must naturally remain an open question. A long delay in the decision is not, however, suitable, as it forms a preliminary condition for the character of the whole new fabric of the Empire. Many who were, like the author, so long enthusiastic supporters of a strong and centrally-governed Prussia will feel it hard to give up inwardly, in face of completely altered circumstances, this Prussian idea which has grown to their heart. But they have only the choice between the (impossible) idea of restoring the old firmly-jointed Prussia, held together by a strong monarchy, and the clear decision to make a clean cut and procure for the provinces of old Prussia, now stripped of her State power, the independence of the other members of the Empire.

The Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FESTIVAL

BY ZERES

THE retired and pensioned Gurkha soldier outside in the veranda has orderly duties that require his presence at our office between the hours of six and eight each evening.

He is short but stockily built, wears two war medals and a *bahadri*, lacks one eye, and limps as a result of a wound received in action. He lost his eye out of action while worshiping indiscreetly at the shrine of Venus; and after he has looked upon the wine when it is sufficiently red he will sometimes tell you the story. Rifleman Rama Gurung — for that is the old scoundrel's name — looks upon the wine when it is red almost nightly. He arrives at our office strictly sober, and generally leaves it as strictly drunk. When sober he is unbending punctiliousness itself, when drunk embarrassingly expansive, and there are intermediate stages when he merely sits and grins in a passionless Nirvana of his own. It is the problem of our life to discover how and where he effects this monotonously regular transition from grave to garrulous; for although he is always within a few yards of us while we work, we have never yet actually detected him in the act of raising the flowing bowl to his lips. Nevertheless, although neither clink of bottle nor gleam of glass ever disturbs our tedious labors or betrays his stealthy activities, he achieves the mysterious nightly, and, aided by the subtle alchemist, transmutes life's leaden metal into gold with a facility which we cannot help but feel — when distracted by cipher telegrams, the eccentricities of local head-hunters, silkworm statistics, or Bengali politics — is secretly to be envied.

But for old Rama's nightly vagaries our evenings would be uneventful. The brief Himalayan sunset flares fierily for fifteen short minutes over the distant rosy-dimpled snows, and then darkness falls, swiftly blotting out the dazzling scene, like a black velvet curtain rung down abruptly upon some limelit but deserted stage. A scared little breeze now rises, and rushes wildly hither and thither among the gloomy and contemptuous pines, while the frogs begin their pious croaking vespers upon the silver lip of the star-stabbed lake beneath us. A rutting stag — the very incarnation of primitive passion — calls hoarsely to his reluctant mate across two miles of empty valley, and the pagan beauty of the hot, dark, lonely night steals through our open windows. Every ghost of memory now takes courage in the shadows, and comes knocking importunately upon a door that ever stands ajar. Gay ghosts, sad ghosts, and whimsical, child-like little ghosts of nothing in particular—all the phantom procession of a tired brain when silence, solitude, and space combine to distract its attention from material and mundane things. However, this is no moment for idle dreaming, because to-night we are 'for it,' and in our official capacity must visit a neighboring hamlet in order to bless with our important English presence a local Hindu festival that we call the Dewali. This festival is sacred to the bloody goddess Kali, and it is a lucky night

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for all bankers and merchants, who seize the occasion to give freely to charity. For this reason the evening is a propitious one for the British official to attempt to extract silver for the Red Cross Society from the buried hoard of the normally miserly *bania*. . . . The British official — *vide* the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* — is ever a detestably Machiavellian creature.

The main street of the bazar that we reach half an hour later is aglow with pale amber fairy lights, to avert the entrance into the homestead of dread Kali the destroyer, and drum and cymbal bray and jingle amid the violent detonations of the highly dangerous Indian cannon-cracker. Our dim little lamps do not throw their feeble beams very far, but this is all the better, because the unillumined background rests full of shadowy mystery. People at home imagine that Asiatics are always grave and solemn, but if they were with us now that belief would be swiftly exploded. Our main street is packed as densely as Piccadilly on a Jubilee night, and, as in the Piccadilly of old days, our cheerful, merry crowds go laughing up and down it.

Here is a group of country mice in from some remote jungle, pater- and mater-familias and half a dozen wide-eyed staring children.

There is a bevy of laughing nut-brown light o' loves descending from a *tikha gharri*, gayly dressed it is true, but bafflingly respectable looking to the European, who can only think of vice with a capital V. Round the corner some jolly little swaggering Gurkhas — bare-kneed, bullet-headed, and bantam-like — are buying *Scissors*, cigarettes, and ogling the girls for all the world like Mr. Atkins in the Edgware Road; our clean, smiling, five-foot-four Mongolian defenders are every inch dapper, soldierly, and dandified little pagans, from their jauntily-cocked slouch hats to their shiny clicking boot heels.

Dang, dang, dang, dang! — our thin copper temple bells have neither the sombre timbre nor yet the infinite variety of your sweet Western cathedral chimes — the priests are calling us to prayer. *Tang, tang, tang, tang! . . . wh'roosh, wh'rorl, wh'room!* . . . and the conches take up their bellowing choruses, while we all laugh merrily at their acoustic surprises. It takes, you see, but little to amuse us to-night, because we are in such a good temper. A sacred and flower-garlanded bull treads heavily on our toes, but we only offer him perfumed sweetmeats; and even the savage chattering monkeys in the trees are not forgotten in our catholic scheme of hospitality.

Cholera may be rife, crops may fail, or savage beasts lurk for us on our way home from our jollification, but we are a happy little people to-night in this corner of the foothills — for have n't the priests just told us that our wives will bear us men-children before next harvest, and has n't that vagabond astrologer drawn us a horoscope which unluckier kings might envy? Let us beat the tom-tom, watch the nautch, quaff the cup, and intimidate the bania! There are bonbouches of vegetable curry folded between cool green leaves to be tasted, betel-nut in lacquer trays to be chewed, and a hundred other queer delicacies that come our way but seldom in our bee-like, little, laborious lives.

. . . . . .

This is all very well; but there are ever two sides to a picture, and to be on duty during the Dewali is a very different matter to enjoying it as a member of the happy-go-lucky crowd.

We ourselves are now fated to pay a round of visits to various entertainments, both public and private, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we shall only earn our pay for the next few hours by making ourselves agreeable. Our first port of call is a performance given by a Hindu conjurer in aid of the Red Cross. A most superior Indian conjurer this, who is depicted upon a placard as wearing American evening clothes, while his *nom-de-théâtre* is 'Mr. Funnyman of Calcutta.' He is performing at the 'Assamese Theatre,' and thither, amid a cosmopolitan throng, we wend our way in our slowly driven motor. Slowly driven because no Indian crowd ever takes the slightest notice of a motor-horn; and indeed, were not our progress heralded by three blaspheming Moslem policemen, we doubt if we should ever reach our destination at all.

The 'Assamese Theatre' is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The scene painted on the drop-curtain is *très anglais*, and depicts what the manager faithfully believes to be a typical stately home of England. In the immediate foreground are seen the lodge gates that lead to the ancestral demesne within. The pillars supporting the entrance to this rural retreat are apparently wrought of blue marble and red porphyry, tastefully decorated as regards the detail with silver-gilt and mother-o'-pearl. In the background, what might be described as a mansion in the Heavenly Jerusalem style of architecture rears its golden turrets from amid a grove of what are very obviously toddy-palms, and a union-jack floats patriotically from an open window, out of which a lady in a pink satin ball dress gazes haughtily at a football match.

An elephant is seemingly about to convey a party of fiercely bewhiskered English noblemen to what looks like a shrimping competition on the rugged seacoast behind the Castle, and on the extreme right of this happy portrayal of English country life, a fox-hunt is in full progress. The 'field' following hounds is entirely composed of 'the military,' who, without exception, are attired in what Jane Austen calls 'full regimentals.' The beast that these gold-laced sportsmen are pursuing bears a suspicious resemblance to the Indian badger. Still, where the object of the craftsman be complimentary, some artistic license must be conceded; and we ourselves have seen 'Oriental scenes' upon the London stage that were almost as grotesque in their comic misconception of Eastern life and customs as this startling effort of our own little local painter. At length the curtain rises and reveals our bowing entertainer. We have already said that he promised to be most superior to the ordinary bazar conjurer, and now our expectations are painfully fulfilled. Not for him the mere mango-tree trick, or boys who are bloodily stabbed and slashed in wicker baskets; rather he deals with English playing-cards, yards of colored ribbon, vanishing coins, or water that is transformed into ink — indeed he is the *dernier-cri* of all the conventionalism of tedious Western magic. His dreary performance is 'enlivened' — (that is his own explanation) — by a continual stream of irrelevant patter. As this is delivered in English, nine tenths of his audience understand not one word. This, however, appears to be of no account, and indeed it seems considered that his unintelligibility adds an element of *chic* to the whole proceedings. His humor is of that perverted variety that sees laughter in all human dismay. Stout and elderly gentlemen are assisted upon the stage, only to be lured into collapsible chairs; shrieking urchins receive electric shocks; and an old lady, having indiscreetly lent her *sari* to this Bengali Mephistopheles, sees it torn into fragments before her weeping eyes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We ourselves, as almost the only European present, are given an odiously conspicuous seat in the theatre, and to us at intervals Mr. Funnyman makes tiresome appeals in connection with his personal integrity in general and the emptiness of his shirt-cuffs in particular. Further, he keeps pressing into our unwilling palms battered opera hats, mouse-traps, or bowls full of goldfish, with a view to our reassuring the pit and gallery as to the mundane nature of such professional apparatus. As the evening wears on, we feel that we begin to hate Mr. Funnyman. Surely he owes it to us, his patient public, to make deeper researches into the mines of humorous subtlety before he insults our intelligence by explaining the primary motive actuating domestic fowls when these desire to cross the road. 'And if any lady or gentleman will kindly lend me his or her gold watch or diamond scarf-pin,' harangues Mr. Funnyman, addressing a confused crowd of blank-faced coolie women, 'I will transform the same — as per patriotic programme — into a white kitten.'

A pest and a pox on him and his white kittens! We have stayed here as long as the Government of India can humanly expect, so let us away before we, a representative of the Ruling Race, are humiliated by having to confess that we possess neither gold watch nor diamond scarf-pin. Our ideas are not so magnificent as Mr. Funnyman's; he has probably got wind in the head through living in that gorgeous Gothic pagoda on the drop scene.

Our duties now take us to what, for the sake of argument, we will call a series of evening parties that are being held in the bazar at the houses of the leading merchants of the city. In almost every case the reception-rooms of these Indian burghers are on the same level as the street; devoid of shutters — as these are — and brilliantly illuminated within, no privacy from the crowd is possible or indeed sought after by our hosts. In some very practical aspects of life, Asia — paradoxically enough — is the only truly democratic continent in the world, for the Eastern millionaire has no objection to his poorer brethren overlooking his feasts, or indeed pushing into them uninvited behind his guests of honor. In all this there is an atmosphere that is vividly biblical. How often do we encounter unexpected characters at Jewish suppers or weddings, when from a Western point of view their presence seems altogether puzzling? However, the woman from nowhere in particular with the box of very precious ointment, and other stray persons with delightfully unconventional intentions, become alive and real when you attend an Indian *Soirée*. We enter the halls of Mr. Jitmal with feelings of pride at being on visiting terms with one whose income is said to surpass that of the late Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Doubtless local rumor exaggerates, but no matter; let us retain our illusions and with them our pride. Mr. Jitmal is a stout and genial *Marwari*, who despite his enormous wealth still lives 'over the shop,' and you will find no material ostentation about his abode. A small hall ablaze with dripping candles serves him as a saloon, and at the farther end of this apartment is a heavily curtained and overhanging gallery. Here the — probably several — Mrs. Jitmals are modestly assembled in order to experience the delirious excitement of witnessing our entry. On the right — under that hideous picture of a blue-faced *Ganesh* or elephant god — is a mighty cushioned divan upon which the son of the house — *ætat.* six — is having a violent difference of opinion with his sister —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ætat. seven. Master Jitmal's small person is literally stiff with a paltry five thousand pounds' worth of badly-set but priceless jewelry, and he looks more like a diminutive idol or religious doll than an infant of flesh and blood. However, the peculiar pleasure which he seems to derive from pulling his sister's hair reassures you as to his human reality, and so do his howls of triumph when he has finally succeeded in rolling her upon the floor. Horrible child! Heaven help him if we should ever chance to meet him alone on a dark night still cumbered by all that glittering fortune! We are offered an embarrassingly regal-looking chair — all purple velvet and gilded symbolism — while attar, pan, and cigarettes are distributed. Then we are drenched with eau-de-Cologne — like the sacred *Boh* tree near Budh-Gaya, which died from the effects of such honorable treatment — and have to feign intense delight at the tarnishing of the gold lace upon our uniform. We next pull ourselves together with a view to polite conversation.

In the East, polite conversation upon formal occasions is ever a difficult art and one full of pitfalls for the unwary, for which we find no useful hints in Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son. For example, to inquire after the health of your host's wife is to offer him deadly insult, because, like the Queen of Spain, the modest Eastern lady is not supposed to possess any characteristics that can be considered corporeal.

To talk about the weather and the crops in a country where the hot, cool, or rainy seasons follow one another with the regular monotony of a seven-day clock, is to cultivate the banal in comment, recalling the newly joined gryphen's classic remark — during a Punjaub June — to his indignant brandy-seared and mutiny-scarred Colonel — 'Good morning, sir; another nice bright sunny day.'

It is true that the war has now come to our assistance on such occasions, but to discuss the latest aspects of the submarine menace with a gentleman who has never seen the sea, and who probably thinks you a fluent liar when you tell him that it is possible to sail upon it for days on end without seeing land, has its obvious limitations.

Finally, Mr. Jitmal selects the Russian revolution as a cheerful topic for a gala night, and compares the Bolsheviki with his own National Congressmen. We rather sympathize with his views, but feel somehow that this is scarcely the moment for political controversy, more especially as we cannot help hearing the hidden ladies in the gallery discussing our personal appearance, considered matrimonially, with a candor that can only be described as dreadful. At length, after extracting a promise of five thousand rupees for the Red Cross, we make our adieus and leave for the house of another Father of the City.

On occasions like to-night, it is the habit of your hosts to try to outvie one another in introducing an element of surprise or novelty into their hospitality, and upon entering the next dwelling we are greeted by two gramophones in full blast, playing two different tunes at once.

If your ear should be sufficiently sensitive as to be able to separate the strains of 'Wrap up your troubles in your old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile,' from those of 'Faki die praner pakhi ure galo ar alona,'* you might experience a musical treat, but failing such delicate discrimination your sensations are those of a being living in two dimensions of existence simultaneously. Our new host understands neither

* A melancholy Bengali love song — translated, 'My heart's bird has flown away without my knowledge and will never return to me.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hindustani, Bengali, Persian, nor English, and as we are similarly ignorant of his own exotic tongue, his son — a priggish youth from the local High School — comes to our assistance as an interpreter. The stripling in question is chastely attired in white buckskin cricketing boots, navy blue knickerbockers, and a football jersey; the whole tastefully crowned by a red crimson smoking cap, adorned with a sky-blue silken tassel. He is the New India personified, and we mentally congratulate the Education Department on the finished product of their care and culture. Strangely enough, his English is delivered with a hideous Cockney accent . . . where in the world did he pick it up? Not — we feel sure — from his official teachers, for they are purists and precisians of the most fanatic order.

'Fawther sez,' begins this oriental Chevalier, 'as 'ow 'e 's very pleased ter meet yer.'

'Give your father my compliments,' we reply, 'and' — here we very unwisely attempt to be jocular — 'tell him that I've come here to-night to loot his money for the war.'

The youth — he is exactly like one's mental conception of the learned pig — babbles something excitedly into his parent's ear. Goodness knows what he is saying, but from the ludicrous look of horror that suddenly overspreads that merchant's features, we can only imagine that his son has translated our message literally. We try to be pleasant to the learned pig, and make observations about the beauty of the festival and the happiness of the crowd.

'Ho!' he replies compassionately. 'These h'are h'only h'ignorant h'agriculturalists, h'all h'innocent of h'English h'enlightenment, h'indulging h'in h'antique heathen h'idolatry.'

We gasp at the wealth of his aspirates, and nearly follow his lead — as though it were a game — by replying that we love our love with haitch because he is 'andsome.

Casting the dust of the learned pig's home from off our feet, we turn into a small marquee near a booming temple, where a score of Gurkha officers are providing refreshment for the consolation of their friends. Excusing our action on the plea that we too, at more normal moments, belong to the military free-masonry, we enter uninvited, and are made welcome for the sake of our uniform, if not for ourselves. An aged and retired Gurkha Subadar, dressed in the rifle green of his old corps, comes forward, tremulously jingling with seven war medals, and offers us a seat. He informs us that he is over a hundred years old, and we see no reason to doubt his statement. Besides his war medals, he wears decorations for loyalty and gallantry during the Indian Mutiny, the Afghan campaign, and a Burmese expedition. A fine old face, yellow, rugged, wrinkled, and Mongolian-looking, and he still holds himself as straight as an arrow. He proceeds to introduce us to three or four generations of his descendants, all of whom, like their forbear, are officers in Gurkha regiments.

Their villages, they explain, are across the border in Nepaul, so they are allies of the British rather than fellow subjects, a fact of which they are not a little proud. They offer us rum and tobacco and discuss the war professionally. The youngest — a truculent cock-sparrow-like little figure with the eternal Gurkha grin — lost his arm at Suvla Bay and is still on sick leave, as the stump will not heal. He tells us quietly how his company fought alongside some New Zealanders, and of how together they led the attack, capturing hill number so and so

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

until mistakenly shelled by the fire of our supporting fleet, both were compelled to evacuate the positions which they had so hardly won. 'And now,' he concludes briefly, 'I'm home again after seeing the whole world.'

'Ho! ho!' laughs his gallant old grandsire in the corner; 'but I too thought I had seen the whole world after I had marched to Lucknow in '57! Aye,' he continues reminiscently, '*those* were the days for a soldier! . . . *You* never saw Jan Nikalsain or Lard Gough!' And he mumbles on about the past glories of this or that surprise and rout, when the dusty native columns from the loyal Punjaub swung their thirty sweating miles a day — through seven hells of sunstroke, cholera, and smallpox — in order to break the iron stronghold of the Pandy mutineers at Delhi, or to avenge white women at bloody Nana-betrayed Cawnpore.

We examine shell relics and a Turkish revolver — spoils from off the battlefield — drink their healths, and say farewell.

From an adjacent courtyard come the roll of drums, the explosion of fireworks, and a thin, high-pitched falsetto voice uplifted in unceasing and monotonous song. It is a Hindu nautch, and our relentless Indian companion — a Bengali civil official, whose presence by our side the whole evening we have hitherto been discourteous enough to ignore — insists that it is our duty to attend it. From an English point of view the Indian nautch is not beautiful. The performers wriggle rather than dance, and the general impression is uncanny rather than lovely. As the dark ghostly figures shudder and ripple in muscular contortions, you recall De Quincey's opium-born dreams of eerie Hindus and Celestials, whose very children seemed to possess souls older than those of European graybeards. The 'star' lady of the performance is gorgeously coiffured but extremely plain: her *tout ensemble* recalls the *chic* but ugly lady-in-waiting to the Empress Eugenie, who frankly described herself as a *Singe à la mode.*

In a corner of the courtyard some Brahmin priests are blessing the idols that are about to be carried shoulder-high in a religious procession. To the Hindu of this part of India the blessing of these idols has a sacramental significance. At one moment the lifeless dolls are things of common clay, but the priest of orthodoxy can breathe divinity into the creature by the repetition of half a dozen *mantras* and occult words of power. The last act of preparing the idols for public worship is the fitting into the sockets of their jeweled eyes. This can only be done by approaching the god from behind, else — as every Hindu child knows well — the judgment of heaven falls and blasts the irreverent. Finally, when the Divinity has been coaxed into material revelation, the tinsel-clad dolls are paraded through the streets and are devoutly worshiped by the crowd. Let, however, no aggressive Christian mock the heathen for their simple piety; for is it not written of comely, roguish, and flute-playing young Krishna — the most human of Hindu gods *— that 'they who worship idols also worship me'?

The old gods of Hind are not over particular about nice points in dogmatic theology — devoutness *qua se,* however misdirected, being the first criterion of spiritual worth in India. For this reason Brahminism never quarrels with newer religions; it philosophically *absorbs* them. For all practical purposes it has already absorbed Indian Buddhism; it is attempting — not al-

* In the Hindu Pantheon, Krishna — the cowherd's son — is, in one of his aspects, a subtle mixture of Cupid and Pan; a teasing young pastoral god who bewitches village maidens by the elusive wistfulness of his pagan music.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

together unsuccessfully — to absorb Sikhism; and were the English missionary to leave the country, it would similarly absorb Indian Christianity.

Amid the — now — religiously inclined crowd are men with money boxes collecting for the Mesopotamian wounded. An aged crone, leaning on a gnarled stick, inquires as to the meaning of these collecting boxes, for she has already paid her seemly dues to the priests. It is explained to her that money is required for wounded Indian soldiers, but for whom this peaceful valley might be a crimson shambles. 'And do they lack money in the war hospitals?' she cries tremulously; 'are the sahibs then so poor?' 'Aye, mother; otherwise, why do they bid us collect?' She fumbles desperately in her ragged old bosom, and produces a bent anna or penny piece. 'I had been keeping it,' she explains apologetically, 'to buy my sick grandchild a fairing, but it is not right that strong men should die comfortless and alone without tobacco, sweetmeats, or opium.

Surely the widow at the Temple, who cast her last mite into the treasury, earned a smile of divine recognition no more dazzling than that which to-night must have been vouchsafed this poor old 'heathen' beggar woman?

. . . . . .

The lights are now growing dim, because midnight is a late hour for a people ever astir long before dawn.

The unlovely voice of the prowling night watchman mingles hideously with the dismal wail of the nocturnal jackal, and the malevolent brain-fever bird shrieks mocking defiance at the weary, who, tossing upon the hot roof-tops, fain would sleep.

The narrow streets are suddenly emptied of excited humanity, and the stink of stale incense, burned butter, and sacred cow-dung offends the nostrils of the Night.

India — the great demi-mondaine among countries — now yawns voluptuously, and, her painted face and garish tawdriness half-hidden by the merciful darkness, she looks immorally beautiful, as smiling inscrutably she falls asleep.

Our motor car climbs laboriously up the firefly-speckled mountain pass, its acetylene lamps staring warily across abysmal precipices of vertical shadow. Before we reach our Japanese-contrived earthquake-proof cottage on the summit, a beautiful and fearless panther bounds silently across our path. His jade-jeweled eyes, milk-white fangs, and hot scarlet palate are all vividly lit up by our great dazzling head-lights: good luck and good hunting, little bronze brother — for you the rustling night has a thousand coquettish whispers; but for us duller-eared mortals 'the fun of the fair' is over, and nothing now remains except heavy-lidded — and boring — sleep.

Blackwood's Magazine

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRAVELS IN TRUELAND

AN ECCLESIASTICAL EPISODE

BY M. E. DURHAM

'TERRIBUL massacres! 'Orribul atrocities!!' howled the newsboy, and from the Extryspheshul I learned that in an obscure corner of Europe, the Plondites had made a cruel and dastardly attack upon their subject members of the Bobianite Church. A leading article assured us fervently that 'these people were Christian just as we are.' The British public had never before heard of the sect, but, reassured by the above statement, its great heart beat violently. The Bishop of London, from the pulpit, implored the Bobians to take a bright view of death. The Lord Mayor raised a fund. And it was as a relief agent that I, who a year or two before had made a tour in the neighborhood, found myself entering the town which was the centre of the disturbed district.

Outwardly all was quiet. Only the presence of a large number of the Plondite gendarmerie in their pink and canary uniforms showed things were not quite normal. The Gouvernador of the town received me politely. Our Foreign Office had arranged that complete liberty of action should be given to the relief agents, with the sole proviso that they should not undertake any political or revolutionary propaganda. My passport was duly *visé*, and I was directed to the Palace of the Cephepisk or Head of the Bobianite Church, a bizarre building in the outskirts of the town.

After some delay I gained admission by a postern and was directed to wait in an ante-room while my credentials were examined. Meanwhile, I looked with interest at the barbaric scheme of decoration. Weirdly waving lines of blue and green covered the walls. The floor was covered by a rich blue carpet patterned with green blobs and waving arms. Doors and ceiling even were similarly adorned.

The Cephepisk himself entered shortly and greeted me with great cordiality. He was a reverend personage clad in a long black robe embroidered with a design similar to that on the carpet and the walls. And his silver locks flowed on his shoulders.

I rose as he entered. He waved me courteously to a seat saying, through his secretary, who had learned to speak English perfectly at an American Mission school: 'I greet you as a brother. It is true that there are certain doctrinal differences between your Church and mine — but we both hate the Pope!'

Having thus determined a common Christian meeting ground, he was ready, he said, to give me all information, but first he must thank the great British nation which had come forward so nobly to the aid of what all the world must soon recognize as the only true Church.

I expressed a hope that the world was becoming more tolerant upon religious questions, and observing that he received this with marked coldness,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hastened to condole with him upon the massacre and to hope that the number of victims had been exaggerated.

'Unfortunately,' he sighed, 'the massacre has not succeeded so well as we had hoped. We had reckoned that at least three quarters of the population must perish. In that case the intervention of the Powers would have been inevitable; this land would undoubtedly have been freed and the ancient Tsardom of Bobia restored. As it is, more than half have survived and will remain under the Plondite yoke till further and more successful efforts are made.' He sighed again and gazed at the ceiling.

'But — but,' I gasped, considerably taken aback, 'surely it was not — I mean I understood that there had been a deliberate and quite unprovoked attack on the part of the ruling race. Would His Grace kindly explain how the massacre came about?' 'It was brought about,' said the Cephepisk solemnly, 'by the Cuttlefish Crisis. No more flagrant insult to religious liberty could be imagined. And that it was planned by Plonda is indubitable.'

'The Cuttlefish Crisis——?' I murmured mystified.

'Are you then uninformed as to the tenets of any church but your own?' asked the Cephepisk with lofty scorn.

'Oh, no,' I replied hastily, 'on the contrary, I've studied the question of early heresi — schis — I mean, of course, churches, with great interest. But somehow the precise tenets of the Bobians have escaped my memory.'

'Strange,' said he, 'for the Bobianite is the one authentic Christian Church and was founded in the first century by Bobe or Bobian, a poor fisher lad, a disciple of St. Peter, and by him baptized. Embarking as a sailor on a trading vessel he succeeded in the space of a fortnight in converting four of the crew so truly, that, when the ship was wrecked shortly afterwards, Bobian and his four converts alone were washed ashore, clinging to the mast and singing hymns which he specially composed for the occasion. The pagan natives, touched by Bobian's charm of manner, submitted joyfully to the rite of baptism in large numbers. But, unfortunately, owing to their deficient grasp of the language, they seem to have failed to comprehend the full meaning of Bobian's sermons. As Christmas Day approached, he saw, to his horror, that it was a feast day also of the natives. They began erecting altars and preparing offerings for a graven image of a highly obscene character.

'Bobian not merely refused to take any part in these ceremonies, he boldly excommunicated all those who did so, with the result that the whole population turned against him and his followers and drove them into the wilderness to starve.

'For a week they wandered without food or water, borne up solely by the knowledge of their own complete righteousness, and upon Christmas Eve Bobian fell exhausted among his followers. It was then that the miracle occurred. When he was at his last gasp an Angel appeared to him saying merely, "Seek thy salvation upon the seashore." And Bobian arose and went there. And as Christmas Day dawned a wave broke at his feet, casting up a cuttlefish of enormous size. The starving men stewed it in the large shells which abounded upon the beach and thus initiated the Christmas feast of the Bobians.

'Nor did the miracle cease there. The pagans, coming a fortnight later, were struck dumb when they beheld each wave that broke casting up a cuttlefish at the feet of each true believer. Bursting into tears, they threw

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

themselves as penitents at Bobian's feet and he received them again into the bosom of the Church. Whereupon, the sea became greatly agitated and cast up thousands of cuttles till there was one for each sinner saved. Thus was instituted the Feast of the Casting up of Cuttlefish and the Bobian Church established forever. Green and blue, the colors of the sea, became those of the Church, and the Mystic Cuttlefish,' he pointed to the design on his robe and the walls, 'is its symbol. Like the Church, when attacked it scorns to reason with the enemy. It pours floods of ink, concealing itself so that he can only retire vanquished and impotent.'

The Cephepisk here made a holy sign and paused for breath.

'Miraculous indeed,' said I. 'But what was the crisis His Grace spoke of?'

'Ever since that day,' continued the Cephepisk, 'enemies have striven to shake the faith of the Bobianites. Nestorians, Sabelians, Arians, Monophysites, Moslems, Anabaptists, Papists, Buddhists, Presbyterians, Plymouth Brethren, Jews, Wesleyans, Bogomils, and Seventh Day Adventists have sent mission after mission. None have succeeded in penetrating the black and mystic cloud within which the faith of the Bobians protects itself. Many times has the nation, alas, been conquered. Many times have Bobians wandered forth and founded colonies of which this is one. But never, never have they allowed a ray of external light to penetrate their beloved Church. For years our rulers, the Plondites, have striven to convince us that the cult of the Cuttlefish is false, but in vain.

'Recently they have changed their tactics, and began what in their jargon they term "Fishpolitik." They declared that the cuttlefish of the coast were infected with enteric, and forbade their being brought inland under severe penalties.'

'But perhaps they were,' I ventured—'in our land the oysters——'

'Sir!' cried the Cephepisk fiercely, 'Who ever heard of a cuttlefish dying of enteric? The charge is ridiculous. It is a deliberate and most foul attack upon our Church. The Gouvernador first addressed me on the subject, and at his request I gave my flock a dispensation allowing them to substitute fresh-water mussels for the Christmas Feast, but at the same time reminded him that, as my authority is purely spiritual, I could not be responsible for results. To my flock I was careful not to mention politics, merely pointing out to them that, unless well-boiled, mussels are apt to disagree. This, I regret to say, was an unfortunate remark, for, with a view to saving their offspring from dyspepsia, a gallant band of the faithful managed to land and smuggle across the frontier a remarkably fine lot of cuttlefish carefully packed in top-boots. Alas! they were detected by the Octroi men, and these insolent minions of Plonda not merely destroyed the fish, but confiscated the boots which contained them. Unfortunately, I was not there to preach peace. Our men resisted. A fight ensued which resulted in the massacre which has shocked the civilized world. What will happen? One thing only is certain. The Church of the Bobians will never yield. The rest is in God's hands.' He folded his hands upon his stomach and gazed upwards.

'To an anthropologist like myself,' said I, profoundly moved, 'the question of the cuttlefish is in the highest degree interesting. But from the strictly theological point of view, may I ask what it has to do with Christ and His teaching?'

'That,' cried the Cephepisk angrily,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'is a question which I must utterly decline to discuss with a layman.'

'Nevertheless,' I persisted, 'would not a union with some larger branch of the Christian Church be possible? And make for safety? Many of the Anglican Bishops, including him of London, are expressing the warmest admiration for the Bobian Church.'

'Necessarily,' said the Cephepisk, 'since it is the only True Church. And I shall be pleased at any time to receive them into its bosom.' Feeling that the clouds of the Mystic Cuttlefish were obscuring the air I dropped the subject.

'Could His Grace give me any idea of the future plans and aspirations of the Bobians?'

'Certainly,' replied the secretary at once, 'we demand the union of the Bobian nation and all the Bobian colonies and the reconstitution of the Great Bobian Empire of the fourth century.'

'And,' added the Cephepisk, 'the extension of the True Faith throughout the world. Our programme is very simple.'

'But,' I urged, 'here, for example, where the Bobians form such a small minority, not a quarter I am told of the whole pop——'

'A minority!' cried the Cephepisk and his secretary together, 'a minority! The whole country is Bobian!'

'Nevertheless,' I maintained, 'the Plondites are the ruling power, and, judging by recent unfortunate events, are numerically stronger.'

'Politically, and, according to text-books compiled by themselves, that is so. But in truth the bulk of the people here are not Plondites at all.'

'But what are they then?'

'They are Plondophone Bobians!' cried the Cephepisk triumphantly. 'Conquered and overrun by the Plondites in the twelfth century the oppressed inhabitants, alas! forsook their own faith and language for that of the victor. My poor mother even spoke Plondite, and taught it to me as a child; but I have been careful to forget it. In her day the Church unfortunately had no schools, and the poor woman was never taught to speak the right language. Ethnographically this land is solid Bobian, as is proved by a survey made by experts from Petersburg and a map constructed by myself.'

The secretary pulled a cord, and a large map of Europe was unrolled before me, almost entirely checkered with blue and green. A few spots even adorned the British Isles.

'I had no idea,' said I, 'that the Bobians were so widely spread.'

'Few have,' sighed the Cephepisk. 'But what with Frankophone Bobians, Teuto and Slavophone Bobians, a certain number of Anglophones — of which you, judging by the color of your hair and eyes, are probably one — and a large amount of Crypto-Bobians concealed in fanatical lands, we amount to at least two hundred million souls.'

'Then, why on earth do you allow yourselves to be massacred?' said I.

'All that we are at present able to do,' said the secretary, 'is to emphasize our position by inducing massacres, and to trust that the Great Powers will see justice done to us.'

I remembered a former visit to a certain coast town, where a Plondite inhabitant complained bitterly of Bobian oppression.

'But what,' I asked, 'about the position of affairs on the Cerulean coast? There I was told it was just the other way round. The Plondites complained that they had to wear green and blue and send their children to a Bobian school——'

'Of course they had to!' cried His Grace testily. 'Have I not just ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plained to you that racially the Plondites do not exist? That they are all Bobians?'

My brain reeled. I felt that the arms of the mystic cuttlefish were choking me.

'But all this is very awful,' I said.

'It is,' said the Cephepisk solemnly. 'All I can do is to labor upon the spiritual side and teach the people that it is their first duty to die for the God-of-their-fathers.'

'But why? Why? Why?' I cried desperately. 'Why not teach them to live for the God of the Universe?'

'What!!!!' cried the Cephepisk in a voice so loud that the windows rattled.

'Why not teach them to live for the God of the Universe?' I repeated firmly.

The Cephepisk and his secretary conferred together. 'His Grace,' said the secretary presently, 'is deeply shocked by your impiety. He bids me say that though he is amply aware that the doctrines of all the religious sects in England are erroneous, yet he thinks that in common decency you ought to be prepared to die for the God-of-your-fathers, no matter to which you may belong. He desires me to ask you if this is the case.'

'Now look here,' said I. 'Tell His Grace that my family gave up the God-of-their-fathers ever so long ago. In my great-grandfather's time, in fact. The drawback of a God-of-your-fathers is this. His sphere is far too limited. He has next to nothing to do. He cannot take wide views of the world. He imagines that nothing but his own corner is of any importance, and the consequence is he spends pretty well all his spare time picking quarrels with the God-of-their-fathers next door. No. Don't interrupt. It is a fact. We had a God-of-our-fathers. No one ever saw him, but there was a little shrine something like a dog kennel on legs in the back garden, and my poor, dear great-grandmother spent a lot of her time decorating it and putting offerings in it. Well, if the God-of-our-fathers would only have kept quiet there and been satisfied to mind his own business it would have been all right. But he was perpetually over the garden wall making mischief next door. The rows between him and the God-of-the-people-next-door were something awful. They quarreled about everything — about the pettiest details — about candles — about what color their servants' petticoats should be — about whether shrines should be whitewashed or gilt. The more you gave them the more they wanted. They would hardly trouble to keep things even tidy at home, but they would go out on foraging expeditions and come back with captives, particularly women and young girls. At one time, in fact, there were massacres as bad as the one here, and the God-of-next-door's-fathers tied one of our family to a post and burned him alive. When my great-grandfather saw the God-of-his-fathers was getting restless again he made up his mind to stand it no longer. He waited till great-grandma had gone to the 'Movies' and he went into the garden and chevied the God and pulled down the shrine and made it into a rock garden, which happened then to be all the rage. Poor great-grandma was very much distressed for a while, and even went on making offerings in a biscuit tin in the scullery. But the God-of-our-fathers never dared come back. My great-grandfather replaced him by the God of the Universe, and peace reigned at last. Not one quarrel have we had with next door since.'

'And had you received no benefits at all from the God-of-your-fathers that you treated him thus impiously?' asked the Cephepisk sullenly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Benefits! Why, I told you, he and the Gods-of-other-peoples'-fathers perpetually shed blood and brought about misery. Not content with squabbling over the garden wall they even at times would go far afield, leading large armies equipped apparently with harmless literature. But if the aborigines refused to read it or objected to the conduct of those who brought it, firearms were produced. Terrible fights ensued. Each side screamed for help to the God-of-his-fathers, who supplied him with poison gas, bombs, aeroplanes, submarines, torpedoes, dynamite, electriclite, toxophilite, perannolite, or some other new explosive every few weeks. Both sides, each burning with desire to save the unhappy aborigines from each other's evil influence, died in thousands for the God-of-their-fathers. As for the aborigines, some of them were wiped out altogether. It was a state of things which simply had to be put a stop to.'

'And which side usually prevailed?' asked the Cephepisk in a level voice, gazing at me with a snake-like eye.

'The one that was best armed,' said I.

'Quite so,' said the Cephepisk. 'That, I have strong reason to believe, will shortly be our case. Only thus can we hope to take our share in the White Man's burden, which, if I understand rightly, consists mainly of dead blackmen — and their inheritance. With the help of the God-of-her-fathers, Bobia will one day take her place in the sun. What if nine tenths of the population should perish, provided that Bobia ultimately enjoy this inestimable privilege? So have I always preached to my people. So shall I continue to preach.'

'But how can the nine tenths who are massacred enjoy anything at all?' I persisted.

'They die knowing that their children will exploit the world Any father should be proud to give his son for such a purpose. And each father should bring up his son with this idea.'

'That he ought to be massacred for the benefit of the next generation? But, my dear sir, then you never arrive. It is a case of "biscuits tomorrow but never to-day," as the Red Queen said to Alice.'

At this moment the loud clangor of the monastery bell summoned the Cephepisk to his Cephepiskopal functions.

He consulted with his secretary for some moments in a hoarse whisper.

'His Grace,' said the latter stiffly, 'says he reckons that were it not for the fact that twenty caravans of flour and ten mule loads of shirts, combinations, and handknit socks have just arrived, and that the Gouvernador absolutely refuses to allow them to be distributed by anyone but yourself, he could scarcely reconcile it with his conscience to permit you to come into contact with his innocent flock. He has certain knowledge that you are a member of a dangerous atheistical sect which he has not yet identified. Were it possible he would prefer, for once, to follow the example of a certain branch of the Church of England, which, he gathered from your papers, would not allow its buns and coffee to be distributed to the British Army save by communicants. Circumstances being, however, as they are, he suggests that I shall be present at your work to render you all the assistance which you evidently greatly need.'

'With such an assistant,' said I, bowing, 'the work cannot fail to proceed to His Grace's satisfaction. Pray thank His Grace for his extraordinary condescension, and say that I trust I may one day again have the honor of listening to his most illuminating discourse.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIREMAN

BY A. P. HERBERT

I

THE next case was George Berry, fireman, of S.S. Miranda. He ought never to have been called George, being a weedy, scraggy person with hunted eyes. To-day he was unshaven, naturally, and he had dirty trousers which once must have been blue, but were now dark and blotchy with grease and did not match his undersized coat. The clerk of the court read out the charge against him 'for that, etc., on the 14th, etc., he did leave his duty in the stokehold against the lawful orders, etc.'

From the Bench Sir Henry Roberts looked at him wearily. As stipendiary in this town — a large shipping centre on the West Coast — he had a number of such cases before him. He knew something of conditions in the Merchant Service, how little real power a master had, and how much trouble was needed to bring such cases into court. So when they did get there he was very stern and severe with them. Especially since the war — most certainly. With so many poor devils in the trenches, mud, shells, and all that, a fellow having a comparatively soft time at sea could surely be expected to do his job without fusses. And without funking. That was all there was in this case. 'Enemy submarines 'ad been reported in the vicinity' — that was the evidence. So this fellow came on deck. Left one man to keep the furnaces going 'just when we wanted all the steam we could get.' He did n't deny the fact. The only words he said at all, half defiance, half apology, were: 'It 's all very well on deck, sir. It 's all very well on deck——'

There was something else he had been going to say, but he stopped there, shrugged his shoulders, hopelessly. That 's how he ought to feel. Sir Henry wasted no time with this case. It had been a long day and he was tired. He wanted to get home. But he could not let the man go without really bringing home to him the rottenness — that was the word — of what he had done.

'The only way,' he told him, 'in which I can express my disgust at your action is to pass on you the maximum penalty within my power, and I wish it was more. A man like you ought to be in the army — in the trenches. The only reason you are not is that you are a seaman, and are needed for a seaman's — a stoker's — er, fireman's work' (he was not quite clear about all these terms). . . . 'Some of us have sons and brothers fighting out there bravely for us. And when I think of them' — here the voice began to tremble a little with genuine emotion, for had he not himself a son at the front? — 'and when I see men like you before me, I — I' — (how was this sentence to end?) — 'I wish very much that I could impose a heavier penalty.'

They took George Berry away and Sir Henry went home. In the car he thought of the case again and muttered angrily, 'Miserable cur, when I think of poor Billy — shell holes — no dug-outs. My God!'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

II

They were three days out from Liverpool, and they were beginning to breathe more easily. The Stout Heart had left Liverpool with a convoy of twelve merchant ships and four or five destroyers, though none of the passengers knew that. For all down the Irish Channel there had been heavy weather, thick weather, too, so that the convoy had been badly scattered. So far as the passengers knew there had never been more than seven of the ships together at the same time, never more than two tiny destroyers, diving and rolling about at what seemed an immense distance. Everyone had been a little nervous from the beginning, for lately there had been many sinkings, and the additional uncertainty produced by the storm had not helped to soothe anyone's nerves. . . . On the second morning Sir Henry, waking early, had wandered on deck in the cold dawn; all round in the thin unfriendly light was the endless, heaving, inimical water. There was a cold wind which flapped his pajama trousers against his legs, and he disliked it all very much. And there was nothing in sight — no other ships — no destroyers. Disgraceful! Gross mismanagement somewhere! No ship ought to be *allowed* to lose her convoy! . . . All that morning the passengers had felt very small and lonely till they caught the convoy about noon. Then at dawn on the next day there had been a dull boom and a long vibrating concussion that shook their cabins and sent them scampering into trousers. They had streamed up on deck, very hurried in the passages and on the stairs, very careless looking as they stepped into the open. It was a depth charge — and after it there were five others. Afterwards they heard that one of the ships had straggled in the night, had been caught by herself in the first twilight, and sunk in the heavy sea without launching a boat — without launching a boat. . . . It might have been the Stout Heart!

So they slept little that night.

Oddly, though, in spite of the roughness and the endless rolling no one had been seasick. All their thoughts had been too busy with submarines for that. But by this evening, it was said, they would be out of a mysterious area called 'the danger zone.' The sun had been seen early in the morning; the wind was falling, and though the ship still rolled heavily in a long swell, the waves had no white about them. So they were happier, and three of them were absent from dinner — they had time to be seasick now.

There were about forty of them, mostly Anglo-Indians, returning from furlough. Sir Henry, though not yet an Anglo-Indian (he was on his way to a new appointment in Burma) was among the three biggest men of the party. He sat next to Macdonald, the chief engineer, and that officer was urging him for the third time to visit the engine room and 'see the old wheels go round.' So far Sir Henry had excused himself because 'the smell of the oil might make him seasick.' When he said that he felt secretly dishonest — he was never seasick. 'But they are rather bores — these technical fellows. . . .' Yet the invitation was a high compliment, and now he had agreed to go. In the morning the sun was well out and the sea well down at last. Macdonald, a dark, good-humored person, with twinkling eyes, piloted him proudly to the top of the iron stair. Up there, poised over the roaring muddle of engines, it was horribly hot; they went down one flight and stood as it were in the tree tops, just bits of wheels on each side, odd mechanisms and gauges. Macdonald stopped and shouted in his ear. Sir

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Henry heard nothing, but nodded wisely. As they moved on to the next flight he looked up and was glad to see a streak of sky showing through an opening; nothing between them and the deck yet. Then they went lower and they were in the heart of it (hellish hot now), and they walked all round on a narrow, slippery, iron path (suppose you slipped!). . . . At every turn there were more explanations; fragments of words reached Sir Henry — 'pressures — steam — channel — water gauge — main engine — pipes — cock——' All very slow and Scottish and precise. This had been tedious higher up; it was becoming worse than that. Sir Henry was beginning to imagine. These three days had discovered his imagination; and he did not like it. Suppose a torpedo — just now while this old boy talked about pressures. When he looked up now there were wheels and huge lumps of metal whizzing above him, all round him. Let's get on with it. He became impatient with the explanations, and began to bawl 'Yes, I see,' half way through them, but this made no difference. They proceeded slowly, pitilessly, to their appointed end — maddening. This heat. . . . Then they went down again; on the top step Sir Henry turned and looked back, he hardly knew why. Then he found he was taking note of the way up — along that narrow bit round the red arrangement with the glass and then another twist and there was the stair — all very awkward, if you were in a hurry — if — (don't be a fool, man).

At the end of the next descent they were on the very engine-room floor where, astonishingly, it was almost cool because of the ventilating shaft. Sir Henry felt better. But here the explanations threatened to become interminable; there were so many odd appliances and gauges and sign boards with white discs and things that looked like gas metres — very useful things, no doubt, but incomprehensible. But he did not want to comprehend them; certainly he did not want to stand in this clattering inferno while an old ass — he was an old ass now — explained them all. He hardly pretended to listen now; he was looking at the big things, those enormous piston affairs, thumping up and down a foot away from him. Suppose a torpedo — just now. Those things would fly out, no doubt, and mangle him — fling him down there perhaps, in pieces, down among those little wriggly things, where the great rods kept sweeping past — just above the pool of oil. 'The Bicycle with the little Oil Bath.' Ha, ha! Or perhaps all that monstrous mass of glistening metal above him, metal revolving, metal rotating, metal wriggling or sliding or jerking or pushing, all roaring and all greasy, would come crashing down and tear him and keep him there. Then the water would come in, in great spouts. Or creeping, maybe — rising slowly, as it did in the shockers. 'Then the steam goes through yon pipes,' shouted Macdonald. He jumped, and they went on to the ice machine. It was near the bottom of the stair, and he saw this happily. The engines were talking now, shouting, thumping in his head. 'I want to go up on deck — I want to go up on deck.' But now they were at the staircase, in the cool air from the shaft. There was a dirty man squatting on the floor, darning some trousers, placid. After all, what a fool he was to be upset.

'Well, many thanks, chief. It's been most interesting. I must n't keep you any more'; and he put a foot on the wished-for step. Then, 'Eh, sir, but you must see my fires,' said the chief, 'and the stokehold.'

Sir Henry groaned in his heart, but followed. They stooped through a hole

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the bulkhead, and then they were in a really terrible place — a long dark passage where you had to stoop low, where your elbows nearly touched the side. Behind this wall on the right were the boilers or the furnaces, something sultry and hostile; no doubt, if you touched that wall your flesh would sizzle.

The boilers might explode at any minute. Or a torpedo. How would you be then in that rat hole with the water surging in — and the steam — the steam — yes, that was worse? That always happened; 'scalded stokers,' he had read it somewhere; cold water or the hot pipes — boilers bursting. Why did they burst? Scalded to death in the dark — a bad thought. On then — there is a light ahead — a flamy light. This was the stokehold, a place of grime and coal dust, and fierce light from the furnace doors, with two men shoveling, half naked, in front of them. These were firemen, 'not trimmers,' you understand — more explanations. Sir Henry did not listen. He was thinking it was cooler here; he was looking upwards an immeasurable distance to where a faint daylight showed through a grating at the top, where the spidery black ladders went. Firemen! That was what that fellow in the dock had been. He must have been in a place like this — sweating, afraid. That depth charge the other morning — how did it sound down here?

Then back through the terrible passage, crouching. What was it that fellow had said? 'It's all very well on deck — it's all very well on deck.' It was n't — but it was better than down here. 'I want to go up — I want to go up,' said the engines. Once more the little speech of thanks, rather hurried now, and then up — up and away — away from that roaring conspiracy of wheels and pipes and furnaces and grinding steel — up on deck — up in the cool, clean air. That was better. Ah-h! Sir Henry sat down and wiped his face.

III

Sir Henry thought about that morning a good deal. And he was not pleased. He was surprised and disgusted at himself; disgusted, because he was a proud, conscientious person. He would not have believed that he could be so afraid. And he could not help thinking of George Berry and similar cases. What sentence had he given him? He could n't quite remember, but he knew it had been severe. And who was he to pass sentence on a fireman if half an hour in the firemen's regions had upset him so much? Of course, it was n't his *duty* to be down there — that made all the difference. But suppose it *was* his duty . . . suppose it was his *moral* duty now, to himself, to his conscience, to go down there again and stay there, justify himself, satisfy himself he was worthy to sit in judgment on the George Berrys. That was it. He would go. He would be a stoker or trimmer or whatever it was. He was a tough athletic fellow. And now, after all, they were out of the danger zone — though you never could tell — and it would be calmer soon, after Finisterre.

Chief Engineer Macdonald agreed very readily. He was short handed in the stokehold, and he liked Sir Henry's spirit. So they dressed him up and Sir Henry took his trick — eight hours — eight awful, aching hours. He learned quickly and he was strong, but it was a day or two before he could really do a man's work. And by that time he was cursing himself for a fool. But he would not surrender. The other passengers applauded his spirit, though they knew nothing of his secret reasons, and laughed at him behind his back.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It would be too silly to give in after three days.

And really he had achieved his aim. He had beaten his terror; was getting used to it. He was too busy down there, too exhausted, to imagine things about torpedoes and escaping steam all the time. Only sometimes when the whistle hooted dully above, his heart gave a jump, and he looked furtively at his mate to see if he had noticed anything.

When there was more than one hoot, some signal or other, he counted them with a sort of secret panic. For six hoots (was n't it?) meant a submarine. When they stopped at four he breathed again.

He thought then always, 'It's all very well on deck'; that was a kind of religious axiom now. For even without being frightened he found a fireman's life sufficiently vile — the aching exhaustion, the pains in his back and arms, and the coal dust, the coal dust in his eyes and lungs and the pores of his fine skin, the heat and racket, and the hungry roar of the wild furnaces when the doors were opened. He hated it all, but he would not give in.

They passed Gibraltar without further alarms. And now it was very hot, even on deck. Down in the stokehold. . . . But he had only done four days.

One day beyond Gibraltar. Sir Henry had the morning watch. He had started shoveling at eight o'clock in the morning, and he was about done. . . . Also, he believed, something had been going on in the night. He had heard clattering feet on deck above his cabin. There had been much hooting. . . . The Captain had not come down to dinner last night. Well, they seemed to be all right at present — shovel away, shovel and sweat.

Then the whistle sounded, muffled but urgent — One — Two — Three — — Four — Five — My God! *Six!* A submarine — a torpedo — steam! He looked at the other man. The other man was shoveling harder than ever— all he had said was ''Struth.' Sir Henry was still shoveling, shaking all over, but shoveling and thinking — madly. 'Damned fool — what the hell am I doing here? — can't go up now — can't go up on deck — all very well on deck — all very well — quite calm today, launch a boat easily — soon picked up. Down here — torpedo — steam — drowned among the coal — caught on the ladder, perhaps — hell! — can't go up now — taken the job on. What will the Government say? Never know, perhaps. After all — Government servant — valuable life — no right to throw it away. Not my own life — steam — steam. My God! . . .' Sir Henry looked at the other man. The other man had his back to him — he was still shoveling. Sir Henry put his foot on the ladder and looked up. . . . Far away he saw the daylight. Sir Henry went on deck.

Land and Water

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A MEMORY OF WILD COUNTRY

THE thirst for wild country belongs to the two extremes of the human scale — the savage at one end and the sophisticated at the other. The descendants of the savage in modern life are the gypsy, the squatter, and all those on the outskirts of the village who, from some streak of blood or circumstance, prefer the companionship of wild things and a good deal of elbow-room to the tight atmosphere of a village community. The savage made his living out of the wild, but did not know he was a part of it; his few surviving imitators are more aware of what they are doing. Perhaps it is the same far-drawn strain of nomad or shepherd which makes sophisticated people desire scenes of untamed loneliness. Certainly the two men who did most to set the fashion had this strain; Rousseau was a vagabond and Wordsworth a pastoral mountaineer. But the village mind does not understand this point of view. It is agrarian, industrious, economical. We know how Cobbett, who embodies the rural temper at its keenest, talks of heathland; he called it fuzzy, spewy, villainous. It is quite true that he could admire a fine stretch of downs, and lament when he saw turf broken up into inferior cornland, but it was usually for economic reasons. Horseman though he was, he looked at nature with the eyes of a busy, social being.

In the case we are thinking of, the village and the heath are uncongenial neighbors. The village, nestling among woods and fields, feels the heath to be a contradiction. Its inhabitants will not frequent it unless business compels them. To them its rude tracks are 'not a very nice walk'; they prefer the smooth road which runs past them and makes a sheltered corridor. Even the town-dwellers who come this way in summer to get a taste of wild nature seldom venture to explore the heath; chained by car or bicycle, or, perhaps, by sheer terror of the unknown, they picnic obstinately by the side of the high road. The general impression does seem to be, as one pungent speaker put it, that the heath is neither for use nor ornament. A claim to usefulness is certainly the last thing the heath would assert, unless it were on behalf of that Ismaelite among domestic animals, the donkey. Indifferent to time and history, it breathes mute defiance of the Minister of Agriculture. It asks nothing but the right to survive as an 'obscure, obsolete, superseded country.' But what of its possibilities as an ornament? That is a point less easily decided; but no one who contemplated the heath at this moment could help having it vividly impressed on him.

It may be a trait of lonely 'cussedness' that this rainy, dark December should be a moment of high brilliance for the heath; but it is so. Not having the dense heather carpet of the northern moors, it does not reach its zenith with the crimson glories of the summer. A tangled stretch of heath, bracken, moss, and grasses, it waits for the lash of the rain and the hour of the falling year. Then it seems to come to life again, and in this season of low heavy clouds and waning half-light, it wins one's gratitude with its splashes of radiant color. The patches of bracken, not yet quite shriveled, show against the brown heather in every tint of red, and sometimes of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

red-gold. The wild grasses spread sheets of straw-color or lemon yellow. There is a new undertone this winter, which gives everything a fresh value. One evening in June a large tract of the heath caught fire, and after rolling up columns of smoke visible many miles round, it smouldered on dully for days and weeks. A grisly sight enough for the wilderness seemed changed to carbon. But now, when the later fern and grasses have had time to grow, one sees its sombre majesty. Every blade of yellow grass is picked out distinctly on the blackened surface. The blanched moss runs here and there in threads of salted whiteness. The bracken is best of all, for it glows against the dark slopes, pale gold or old gold, and when you come close to it the withered fronds are seen to curl over like delicate pendants or cunning work in filigree. Above it all, on the ridge that crests the heath, stands a scarred group of pines, a far-known landmark. Half a dozen trees in full growth, and as many bleached and sapless stumps beside them. They had been in the thickest of the fire, and their patient resistance was the event of it. Tongues of flame ran up them, pillars of smoke wrapped them from view, but when it was all over they emerged unconquered.

They have long dominated the scene with a gaunt, spectral look, and a curious suggestion of defiance. One has fallen at last, and another, which always had an improbable slant, seems now to defy gravitation at nearly half a right angle. All have been more or less scorched by the fire. Of the satellite stumps some lie shattered, but others are still erect, fantastically mutilated and suggesting nothing so much as the poles to which a wandering tribe might affix its totems, or possibly the remnants of its larder. Indeed, standing there one instinctively has a sense of primitive loneliness, for there are no animate things except some young wild duck sporting in the pool below, or perhaps a heron beating its heavy, steady flight above, the long neck profiled in reptilian outline. One looks at the trees, attributing one's feelings to them with an unconscious animism. Has the soul of the wild place passed into them, and do they know it? If so, they might be grimly satisfied to see that the heath remains deaf to the calls of the hour. It has not yielded another inch to spade or plough; but there are one or two rotting gateposts which show mockingly that attempts at cultivation have been made years back, only to be swallowed up again in the wild. For signs of fresh tillage you must look away to the skyline, where some more squares of arable have appeared on the downs. None the less the heath has found a new and sinister enemy. Across an intervening ridge there have been slowly rising into view some strange erections, which look like a caricature of the blasted pines. They have the same mutilated appearance, and slant upwards at the same strange angles. You must go much nearer to see that they are the derricks and the skeleton for a large building meant to house an airship. Rumor has it that of late this building process has slackened; so perhaps the steel rival will vanish after all, and the pines remain unchallenged. They frown on the intruder from their dark stronghold, the vestige of what was once a huge tract of moorland. In this age-long contest between industry and nature, one's sympathies should be, no doubt, with toiling man. If they are not, it must be because toil is not the last word of humanity. There is a kinship, after all, between human nature and the wild, and some deep instinct of the race goes out to these last sanctuaries of freedom.

The Times

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TWO CORNISH FRESCOES

THE present writer recently received two picture post cards from a friend in Cornwall. They arrived in the afternoon, and, laying all other care aside, he spent the rest of the day in meditation upon them. There is, indeed, matter for much reflection in these pictures. They depict two renderings of the story of St. Christopher painted upon the walls of the Church of Poughill, near Bude. The reason for the repetition of the subject is said to be that in the original picture the artist confused the saint with King Olaf, and represented him with a crown. This was corrected in another painting, that on the south wall of the church, in which he wears a gorgeous jeweled Byzantine halo. (Personally, we think we like these heavy gold plates for heavenly wear almost better than Perugino's rims of light.) The writer has never himself seen these frescoes, is ignorant of their date, and can give no details about them. He can only testify to the deep refreshment and pure delight which these copies give him, and which it seems to be the peculiar property of the old symbolic painting to impart to the spirit of man. There is something in it which at once illuminates and feeds the mind.

The mediæval painters loved the world, but they saw it with a supernatural light upon it. In the sixteenth century art became a merely worldly thing. Men painted the world better, but the light that once really was on land and sea had faded from them. On the other hand, religion became merely devout. The jolly legendary saints were supplanted by the severe professionals of the Catholic Reaction. We suppose these pictures may have been painted in the good day of Hans Memling and Jan Van Eyck. They are full of the twin blessed spirits of fantasy and common sense. St. Christopher, a figure of great dignity and beauty (notably in the first painted picture) has around him the setting of a whole pre-Raphaelite world. The first thing that strikes one about these frescoes is a certain completeness of imagination, that great mark of the Middle Ages. The present writer himself once made a ballad of St. Christopher, and he here confesses with shame that it never occurred to him to give the hermit a lantern. Not to have thought of such an elementary concrete thing argues a sort of blindness. This blindness, this want of common sense, seems to belong peculiarly to our own time. In present-day hotels, for instance, the bed-room candlestick has disappeared, killed by the electric light, though assuredly the need for it is as great as ever. In antiquity, in the Middle Ages, in the eighteenth century people had light to go to bed by. But in our own day, in pretentious hostelries with all their pomp and paraphernalia of lifts, telephones, and electricity, again and again one gropes one's way to bed in the dark. You go up dimly-lighted stairs, stumble through passages and corridors in total darkness, endeavor to guess at your room, give up the idea, descend again in search of a *concierge* or at any rate a match. If you succeed in finding your room without help, again the electric light button has to be groped for. In that beautiful detail of the hermit's lantern held up above the dark flood over which St. Christopher bears his sacred burden, one sees the capacity of the Middle Ages for the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thinking out of things, the common sense informing all their fantasy. The individual mediæval artist would probably not himself have thought of all these details. One cannot think of everything, as they say. But they had all been thought out for him. He depended upon, he was supported by, a tradition which was itself an embodied common sense. But where is the common sense, the comfort, the enlightenment of a world without bed-room candlesticks? To this have we come amid all our profusion of mechanical appliances.

This completeness of imagination is again shown in the representation of the stream. It is not merely a pretty stream, a gloomy stream, any stream, some particular stream. This stream is cosmical; it flows from the world's heart. It bears upon it and within it all that move in the waters. There go the ships; and such ships! They are the ships of St. Ursula. Who does not know, by the way, how a fleet of fishing boats at rest in their harbor seems to be a singing choir, to make a harmony? How often a discord is brought in, the beauty and the happiness of such a scene is marred by the presence of a 'destroyer' or some such hideous and hateful monster in the midst of it. But in this cosmic river which flowed from Eden in the beginning, there are no such things. Its ships are 'noble Christian merchantmen to sail upon the seas,' as Mary Howitt says, or fishing boats that let down their nets for a draught. In both pictures the river teems with fish. But the most delightful detail of all is a mermaid, golden-haired, white-breasted, silver-scaled, who in the first picture swims between St. Christopher's legs. In one hand she holds a mirror, with the other she combs her hair. This fancy of the mermaid again is something one would never have thought of. Often, indeed, in old ballads and pictures one does come on things which it seems one would never by any possibility have thought of! But neither would the old painters and makers have thought of them by or of themselves. They were a part of the tradition — they were there for them. The mermaid no doubt came into this picture from Greece, by way of Byzantium. She belongs to the same world as Proteus rising from the sea, and old Triton with his wreathèd horn. The creatures of the Greek mythology as well as the poets and sages of antiquity had a place in the popular imagination, and found their way into Christian pictures.

We are inclined to think that there was in the Middle Ages an imaginative conception of the world, a tradition of its history, if not shared by everybody, at any rate very widely diffused, and, of course, the common property of artists of all sorts. It was as much a part of their outfit as their brushes and colors. There was a mental picture of the great outstanding figures, who were not merely names, but who were realized in their habit as they lived, or, at least, according to the traditional representations of them. In Southern and Eastern Europe, possibly to some extent in Celtic countries, we believe that this still exists. To give an instance which may perhaps be thought trivial: we remember being told by a Russian or Polish barber in the course of his operations, that 'the philosopher Aristotle always shaved his head.' How did the man pick up such a curious little detail about a philosopher of four-and-twenty centuries ago? It may have been gathered from some book or the recollection of some bust seen in a museum. We are bound to admit that we cannot recall anything of the kind ourselves. Neither, though it has been our lot to talk to many barbers on a great variety of subjects, did we ever

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come across another who found occasion to mention Aristotle at all. We think it probable that here we hit upon a fragment of an age-long tradition, coming through the Christian centuries, but embracing the mythological creatures, the gods and sages of antiquity, preserved at any rate in part in a pictorial form by the Byzantine icon makers. Peasants of the Western Islands still speak of 'the Greek woman.' From this traditional storehouse the old painters took their materials. The world for them was a great temple of which the walls were frescoed with the creations of the human fancy and the shapes of the illustrious dead.

In the serene atmosphere in which these pictures were painted, we are far from a world of greed and lust and blood. A Director of Propaganda of Liberal and Humane Ideas (if such a functionary existed) would do well to scatter these post cards about by hundreds of thousands. Liberalism, humanism, if you like (it is the same thing), is the sacred cause which poets serve. They diffuse a large unselfish view of things together with which Prussianism cannot live. To-day in these lovely frescoes we can find a parable. The stream through which St. Christopher strides, and in which the mermaid swims, is the world-stream. Black or leaden-gray by night, the dawn will show it grass-green and crystal clear, and in the full warmth and light of the sun it will take on such colors as were on the sea in the image of the world before the Creation, as it lay in the mind of God. The dumb giant, the great, strong, inarticulate common man, struggles through the ice-cold flood, carrying and saving for us all the precious burden of justice and freedom and peace. So, at least, we are told, and we try to believe it. We hope it is so. But it is still night, and we need the hermit's lantern.

The Nation

SHADOWS

I LIE and watch the shadows on the wall—
Strange shapes of bird and beast that come and go;
They are but faery-forms of things I know—
The firelight flickers redly over all.

It is too dark to read; I lie and dream.
Without, the night has lit the first pale star;
Peace in my chamber reigns. The things that are
Are mingled strangely with the things that seem.

Life is but half a dream, wherein we see
The shadows of those things we may not know;
Yet do we trust the forms that come and go
Hold forth a promise of a world to be —

And, till the creeping darkness covers all,
We lie and watch the shadows on the wall.

Chambers's Journal *By Allan Sanderson.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE READING OF BIOGRAPHY

BY THOMAS SECCOMBE

It is less a question of how to read biography, than what to read and in what order, for at present there is no guide through the mazes of the subject. Biographical literature is a maze without a plan. The art is in its infancy. There is no philosophy of undressing in public as yet, and the whole idea of mental déshabille was *nil* before Sterne. A great number of people want to know the expected, their imagination wants help in realizing the external trappings and stages of a career. It is the career they are enamored of. They want the details of the bill-of-fare of a successful life, with something in the nature of a second-hand experience of *la vie publique*. They are the public for the abiographic life, or the life that is no life, the two volumes of platitudes published by permission of the family council, undertaken at their request by the recognized man of letters, who collects the material for each chapter into a separate envelope, gives the whole thing a vigorous shake, diffuses an air of rosy benevolence over the countenance, and leaves most of the subsidiary parts of the picture — the hair, the lace, the boots, the periwig — to the 'prentice hands of his secretary or amanuensis.

But there are readers who seek the unexpected. They want to know the secrets that the career invariably hides, and from St. Augustine downwards there have been self-revealers to respond to these cravings. Foremost among these for all time probably is Jean Jacques Rousseau. While Fielding was endeavoring to present a graven image to be the exact semblance of the species Man, Jean Jacques determined to effect a similar purpose. But, he argued, the only typical man I know or can know is myself. He proposed, therefore, to turn himself inside out, and this he did with as much sincerity as is compatible with literary passion. By devious routes and with varying objectives, St. Simon, Montaigne, Pascal, Flaubert, Heine, Tolstoi, Anatole France, have sought to publish 'realities,' 'real life,' the subject-matter of the biographer. Nor have we lacked great articulates who have 'looked into their hearts and wrote.' Very thorough, very English, completely undogmatic, foremost stands Pepys. Pepys practised autobiography in secret like a hasheesh eater; but we have plenty of avowed confessors, such as Haydon, Mill, Herbert Spencer, Mark Pattison, Father Tyrrell, and the author of *Father and Son;* and there are implicit 'My own story' tellers in abundance, in the front rank among them George Borrow and George Gissing. In spite of the declared phlegm of the English, there seems to be more biographic tinder lying about for sparks to alight on in England than in any other country. Ours is a country of Nonconformists, and our *Dictionary of National Biography* is a monument to the ubiquity of the Nonconformist divine.

Before Queen Anne, biography was an unknown art. The vanity of men of letters (which is capable of most things) may be deemed to have begot-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ten it; and it is a wonder that it survived its infancy when we reflect how *mauvais sujets*, like Pope and Defoe, set out in the spirit of Shakespearean forgers to queer the pitch, and to obscure their tracks by means of all the devices of the cuttle-fish. In two centuries, however, in spite of formal opposition, culminating in the prohibitions of Thackeray and Mrs. Gaskell, and Arnold's denunciation of chatter about Harriet, English biography has risen to be a more or less 'brilliant second' to English fiction, and has carried the world by storm. Its two greatest achievements, both unique, are characteristic — creatures of compromise. The lover of antithesis might discern the citadel of our great moralist upheld by a buffoon, the flag of the great romantic upborne by a journalist. At one stroke these books by Boswell and Lockhart redeem our literary history from dreariness and our intellectuals from being intolerable. Horace Walpole notwithstanding, we have no memoirs to compare with the French, but English biography is going to redress the balance.

First favorites among men of letters are Johnson and Scott. The less one reads of them the more one reads about them. Better liked by many and better known by some are Goldsmith, Shelley, and Lamb. The reason for the preëminence may be summed up in the genius and devotion of their respective biographers. No monarchs have been better served by their attendants than our writers; Bolt Court outshines Versailles and Lamb Building is more responsive than the Tuileries: our English biographers have created lives that we all want to live over, and our professional writers have seen to it that their own craft does not suffer by comparison in the process. The most interesting and the most intimate of our lives are all those of authors; the third biography after Johnson and Scott is the full length and grisly, lifelike, *Carlyle* by Froude. Then there are Trevelyan's *Macaulay*, Mrs. Gaskell's *Charlotte Brontë*, Farnham's *Life of Francis Parkman*, Colvin's *Keats*, and a whole constellation of *Lives of Shelley*.

Of the small band of heaven-born biographers this world has not perhaps seen the equal of Thomas Carlyle. But he refused to subordinate the material to the laws of *justesse* and form, and we have, as an anti-climax, John Forster as the foremost of our professional biographers until the advent of Leslie Stephen. As the vivid biographer of his brother Fitzjames Stephen, as the projector of the new Kippis, and as an instrumentalist on the short memoir, following in the dazzling wake of Izaak Walton and Robert Southey, Stephen, who is hardly entitled to a lasting place as thinker, bookman, or critic, will probably live, as he would have aspired to, as a biographer. It is the harder to gain this title inasmuch as Everyman is essentially a biographer, beginning with the club bore.

There is, of course, a market in biography, and the English among whom have been born some of the most poetic and many of the most prosaic of souls, have not been the people to overlook it. There are big money prizes under some of the old masks, such as Napoleon, Nelson, Wellington, Marlborough, Pitt, Fox, Disraeli, Louis XIV, Marie Antoinette, Lincoln, Bismarck, Shelley, Burns, Byron, Swift, Shakespeare, Dickens, Newman, Gladstone, Cromwell. Some of the least pretentious in this style are the most efficacious, such as Southey's *Nelson*, Morley's *Walpole*, Corbett's small *Drake*, Herbert Fisher's *Napoleon*. Extraordinarily good work has gone to the confection of some of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most artificial of these set-pieces, such as Belloc's *Marie Antoinette*, Firth's *Cromwell*, Moore's *Byron*, Monypenny's *Disraeli*, Dowden's *Shelley*. In some, though the vocation be purely journalistic, there is a good deal more than extraordinarily good work, there is a fine spontaneity and an affinity. amounting at moments to intellectual identity. Such qualities are seen in Angellier's *Burns*, Chesterton's *Dickens*, and Lucas's *Lamb*. There are biographies rapidly mounting in number which show how well adapted the lives of men of science are (Darwin, Wallace, Huxley, Pasteur, and so right back to Murchison, Edwards, and Dick) to the craft of the biographic Rodin.

Benvenuto Cellini is one of the rarest of autobiographers; but it is remarkable, on the whole, how few are the vital lives of artists. Short lives, if popular, can be handed about like torches bearing fire and life. Renan was one of the first among so many to depict Christ in his own image, and he surely set about a notable work. Short lives of Renan and Taine would stir the spirit of a multitude, and one has coveted a flashlight in this form on such adventures as those of Raleigh, Wren, and Zola. The biographer is the compiler *in excelsis*. He cannot often be a creator. His art is generally the creature of compromise. The propaganda Life, or the Life with a purpose is one of the banes of the profession. Ruskin goes so far as to say that Lives in which the public are interested are scarcely ever worth writing. History deforms biography, but a Life intended to subserve an historic theory, such as Carlyle's *Friedrich* or Mommsen's *Cæsar*, may prove a dangerous havoc-worker. Macaulay, who might have been a superb biographer, subordinated the art to his historical prepossessions. In Trevelyan's admirable Garibaldi books, biography is subordinated to historic narrative. Writers like Masson build costly mausoleums for their heroes. Much of the best and truest biography of the speculative kind is imbedded in fiction. What could be better than Scott's portraits of Cromwell and James I? His Elizabeth, though a mere sketch, is the best pastel we have of the great queen, and his Louis XI is a study not unworthy of comparison with Shakespeare's Richard II.

The one type of biography that is inherently false is the family and official compilation. There may be exceptions — a Lyttelton and a Redesdale — but, taken as a whole, these kinsmen chroniclers, forgetting Shakespeare's mirror, seem to think that we do not know what the human qualities are or how irresponsibly the human life is lived. We may, nay, we do, wish homage to the personalities of the men to whom we owe great causes, great systems, great thoughts, and great characters. Vivid characters of such men transmit public virtue from one age to another. But we cannot forthwith assume that biography must be written of the good, by the good, and for the good. Our sympathies with the unco' guid are lamentably imperfect. We are on our guard at once against the biography of an advocate. Hence the delight that the studied detraction of Mr. Lytton Strachey has evoked in the most improbable quarters. It is nothing to us that he *invented* the circumstance that Thomas Arnold had short legs. We are delighted by his skeptical pigments which revive the drooping colors of biography as Gibbon's did those of history. We look forward with a renewed hope to the marriage of biography and truth, which will portend a new heaven and a new earth.

Everyman

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GERMAN OVERSEAS BANKS

BY DR. ADOLF ROEDER

THE German overseas banks have been very seriously affected by the influences of the war. In many cases a flourishing business, laboriously built up, has been ruthlessly destroyed, and it has frequently happened that the relations of our pioneers in overseas countries with the business establishments there have been so interrupted that their restoration will cost much time and money. The connections between the head establishments and their overseas branches ceased completely either at once or very soon after the outbreak of the war. Business reports from overseas have reached Germany but seldom and these in so fragmentary a form that all idea of drawing up balance sheets had to be abandoned. It was found necessary to sanction the postponement of the statement of accounts and, thus, for example, the Deutsch-Asiatische Bank, with a capital of seven and a half million Shanghai taels, while it declared dividends of seven per cent and five per cent in 1913 and 1914 respectively, has published no accounts since.

In September, 1916, its Japanese branches were forbidden to do any business at all, and the Chinese branches were closed in August, 1917, after a state of war between China and Germany had been declared.

Mention may also be made of the Handelsbank für Ostafrika, with a capital of three million marks, half paid up, of the Deutsche Afrika Bank, with a capital of two million marks, and of the Deutsch-Westafrikanische Bank, with a capital of one million marks, one-quarter paid up, all of which declared dividends last in 1913, and since then have published no business reports or accounts. The Deutsch-Ostafrikanische Bank, with a capital of two million marks, which was the only German bank in Africa authorized to issue notes, has also been unable to furnish accounts for the four years of war. It did, it is true, pay a dividend in 1914, *viz.*, one of five per cent, as against seven and a half per cent in the previous year, although no complete data for furnishing accounts were forthcoming. It justified its procedure by stating that it was a mistake on the part of a Note Bank to pay no dividends.

The Kolonial Bank, with a capital of one million marks, was also cut off from its overseas clients, but was able, as a leading bank in the colonial securities market, to devote its energies to current banking and Stock Exchange business within certain limits. In 1914 it showed a loss, in 1915 and 1916 a surplus, and in 1917 it declared a dividend of six per cent. The Deutsche Antioquia-bank, with a capital of three million marks, last declared a dividend, nine per cent, in 1916. The Deutsche Orientbank, with a capital of thirty-two million marks, twenty million marks paid up, had even before the outbreak of war liquidated its interests in Morocco by the sale in 1913 of its branches in that country. They were sold to the *Société Générale pour favoriser*, etc., there being but scanty business possibilities for a German establishment since the country was becoming more and more a French colony. The institution was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

able, it is true, to develop some activity in Eastern countries, but as early as 1914 it had to postpone its statement of accounts. It is well known that the A. Schaffhausen Banking Association left the Orientbank in 1916, while the Deutsche Bank, the Oesterreichische Kreditanstalt and the Ungarische Allgemeine Kreditbank joined it.

Actual overseas business on a large scale was carried on by banks of which some mention must be made, among them being the Deutsche Ueberseeische Bank (closely connected with the Deutsche Bank), with a capital of thirty million marks, which has branches in Argentina, Bolivia, Peru, Chile, Brazil, Uruguay, and Spain. It was able to maintain its dividend at six per cent in 1914, 1915, and 1916, but has published no accounts for 1917, for which year the directors at the time held out no hope that the business would be better than in the previous year. The long duration of the war and the attempts of the enemy to destroy German trade in overseas countries were expected to restrict and damage the business of its branch establishments. Similar views were held by persons competent to judge with regard to the Brasilianische Bank für Deutschland, with a capital of fifteen million marks, and the Bank für Chile und Deutschland, with a capital of ten million marks, half paid up. The Brasilianische Bank, which had branches in Rio de Janeiro, San Paulo, Santos, Porta Allegro, and Bahia, was able for a long time to take advantage of the strict neutrality of the Brazilian Government so that its business suffered no considerable losses; it paid dividends of eight per cent in each year from 1914-15 to 1916-17. In March, 1917, the Oesterreichische Kreditanstalt and the Ungarische Allgemeine Kreditbank, considering that in order to obtain raw materials after the war it would be advisable to establish intimate relations between the Dual Monarchy and South America, concluded agreements with the Diskonto-Gesellschaft and the Norddeutsche Bank which aimed at establishing close connections with the banks founded by the two latter establishments, *viz.*, the Brasilianische Bank and the Bank für Chile, which were strengthened by the inclusion of representatives of the Austro-Hungarian banks in the board of directors.

At the beginning of the war it was reported that the Bank für Chile und Deutschland, which has branches in Valparaiso, Santiago, Concepcion, Temuco, Antofagasta, Victoria, and Valdivia, had experienced a serious decline in its business and was also affected by the fall in the Chilian rate of exchange. Accordingly, in 1914, no dividend was paid, in 1915 the situation improved, but again there was no declaration of a dividend, and it was not until 1916 that a dividend, *viz.*, of six per cent, was again distributed. No figures are as yet available for 1917. The Deutsch-Südamerikanische Bank, with a capital of twenty million marks, in which several large Berlin banks and also the Dresden Bank are interested, and which has branches in Buenos Aires, Valparaiso, Santiago, Rio de Janeiro, and Mexico, has paid no dividends during the war, its business being seriously affected by it. Its last accounts were published in 1915. The activities of the Deutsch-Südamerikanische Bank, the Deutsche Ueberseeische Bank, and the Brasilianische Bank für Deutschland came to an abrupt conclusion when, as was recently announced, the liquidation of German banks in that country was commenced.

Some mention may be made, *en passant*, of the China Export-Import

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

und Bank Kompagnie, with a capital of one and a half million marks, which in peace times was chiefly occupied with the sale of German dyes in the East, but which also carried on a banking business. The company paid dividends of 138 per cent in 1913, of 52 per cent in 1914, and 47 per cent in 1915, of 34 per cent in 1916, and of 12 per cent in 1917, since in the latter years the company had to confine itself to developing existing businesses in Hamburg.

A survey of the German overseas banks during the war might lead possibly to the conclusion that it is doubtful whether the reconstruction of their only partly successful business, would benefit them. But it is not necessary to take the pessimistic view that their activities are hopelessly crippled. The Bank für Chile and Deutschland has expressed its views in its report as follows: 'German trade can look forward with confidence to the development of events after the war, for in spite of many endeavors on the part of the enemy, its efficiency will remain in the future, as in the past, the decisive factor.'

Weltwirtschaftszeitung

ECONOMIC CONDITIONS IN RUSSIA

Five Hundred and Thirteen industrial, commercial, and transport undertakings were nationalized by the Moscow Government of People's Commissaries up to November 1 last. This is one of the few isolated facts which have leaked through about Russia's economic condition during the past fortnight. A little earlier, before Sweden broke off her *de facto* diplomatic relations with Soviets, information came more regularly — at least, one received the Moscow and Petrograd newspapers. News now comes in fragments. But from these fragments, and from figures in the Budget presented by Financial Commissary Krestinsky on October 31 last, one gets many facts which explain why hunger and nakedness are growing, and why, as the Commissariat of Finances admits, in a statement of November 7, 30,000,000,000 rubles in credit notes have been issued since January 1, 1918.

The effect of nationalization on State finances is fairly clear. Although the 513 undertakings (including the river steamship lines) are only a fraction of Soviet Russia's industries, their nationalization has materially checked production and profit making in the non-nationalized undertakings; and, as State ownership has so far yielded losses and no profits, the revenue has been badly hit. In January-June, 1918, nationalization had only begun; yet the yield from the once important tax on industries (*Promuishlennyi Nalog*) fell to 91,775,000 rubles. In the corresponding half of 1917 this tax yielded 314,671,000 rubles. (The Soviets now issue half-yearly Budgets in place of the former yearly Budgets.) The official *Finances and Popular Economy* (the new name of the well-known *Trade Industrial Gazette*) admits that nationalization, or fear thereof, is the chief cause of the decay of private industry shown by these figures. Against this taxation loss nationalization yielded no compensation. A report to a Swedish newspaper confirms general statements, which have appeared elsewhere, that very large sums are spent on running nationalized industries. The outlay in January-March, 1918, inclusive, is given as 532,921,000 rubles. The Budget estimates show that the expected cost of *nationalizing* (*i.e.*, capital outlay on converting and adapting) industries in the first half year of 1918 was 2,000,000,000 rubles, and in the second half of the year 800,000,000 rubles. In

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dealing with Soviet Russia, one must get used to such vast sums — the total estimated expenditure for 1918 is 46,600,000,000 rubles.

No separate account has yet been published showing the profit and loss side of nationalization. One can judge only, and then vaguely, from the Budget. The Budget shows that the newly-founded Supreme Council of National Economy, the administrative organ of Bolshevik Socialization, which spent only 14,832,000 rubles in January-June, 1918, spent 1,674,903,000 rubles in the following six months. What the Soviets receive in exchange for their half yearly 1,700,000,000 outlay can only be guessed. The revenue side of the Budget shows total receipts from State undertakings (*Kazionnaya Regaliya*) of 813,082,000 rubles. Under this heading formerly appeared receipts from the spirit monopoly, etc. There is no other heading on the revenue side under which receipts from nationalized undertakings could appear; and it must therefore be concluded that the receipts from nationalization amount at most to half the expenditure thereon.

Statements directly referring to the finances of individual or groups of nationalized undertakings indicate that the position is still worse. The official *Pravda* writes of seven nationalized factories which produced goods at a cost of 3,890,000 rubles, and sold them for 2,950,000 rubles. This loss does not seem catastrophic; but in the average four months which passed between production and sale, the purchasing power of the ruble fell by half, so that the Government really received only about 1,500,000 rubles for goods which cost it 4,000,000. A Soviet official named Muchanoff, complaining of the red tape and 'Chancelloryism' of nationalized industry methods, says that 'the output of the average nationalized undertaking now fetches from a third to a half of the production cost.'

At first sight, in view of the abundance of paper money and of the known demand for manufactured goods, this aspect of nationalization is a puzzle. The explanation, apart from the great cost of production which ought normally to be covered by increased sale prices, is the inability of the Soviets to organize a selling market. This results from the breakdown of communications, which has had the effect of cutting up Soviet Russia into independent economic units. M. Muchanoff reports that prices of a particular product differ as much as 400 per cent in places only ten versts apart. Lack of communication prevents competition, with its leveling effect on prices. 'At a time when best quality flour was selling in Petrograd at 700 rubles a pud, it could be bought at Tver for 63 rubles. The high cost of transport made it unprofitable for anyone to send the flour to Petrograd. Further, through ignoring the future decline in the ruble's buying power, the State's officials persistently set prices on State products too low.' The great difference observed between living cost in different centres, at a time when, as result of political pressure, wages have gone up much more equably all over the country, induces workmen to migrate. This lately hampered so badly the nationalized industries of Petrograd that the Soviets forbade workmen to leave the city without special permission.

The Soviet newspapers give occasional glimpses of conditions in individual industries. They agree that the only branch flourishing is the tobacco and cigarette industry. Budget taxation figures confirm this. The January-June estimates show an increase of 76 per cent in the tobacco tax receipts, and an increase of 287 per cent in receipts from the tax on cigarette paper

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and cardboard mouthpieces. According to *Finances and Popular Economy*, 'tobacco smoking has increased enormously since the beginning of the revolution; and, owing to the large amount of money in the pockets of the people, it is still increasing.' This means that when clothes, boots, and manufactured articles cannot be had at any price, the useless money goes up in smoke. When your correspondent was last in Russia he found at Kronstadt a complete tobacco famine. No cigarettes were to be had in the town. The explanation given was that the sailors and workmen, who all looked extremely ragged and hungry, had bought the tobacco up. From experience they knew that the purchasing power of the paper ruble, of which they had enormous quantities, would continue to fall; commodities, therefore, not paper, were wanted; and after everything else in the town had been bought up there was a rush to lay in tobacco.

Soviet Russia's textile industries are in a serious plight. Officially it is stated that 54 factories in Ivanovo-Vosnessensk (the so-called 'Russian Manchester' in the province of Vladimir) have ceased working owing to lack of materials, and that only three per cent of employees in the West Moscow textile region are at work. These figures refer mostly to cotton. Since April, Russia has exported a considerable quantity of flax to Sweden and Denmark; yet her own linen industry, like the cotton industry, is at a standstill. On the sugar industry a report has been issued by the Soviet's Director of the Department of Indirect Taxation. In Soviet Russia, in the provinces of Kursk, Voronezh, Tambov, Orel, and Tula, says this report, were formerly 232 sugar factories. Only 40 remain. The present production is 4,500,000 puds. The State sugar monopoly (decided upon in 1917, but first put into operation by the Soviets) is about to take measures to increase production, and also to import from abroad. At least 5,500,000 puds more are needed. The leather industries are practically at a standstill, but German tanning experts were brought to Moscow last September, and there are plenty of hides, due to slaughtering of stock in certain provinces as result of insufficient fodder. The Soviets are starting boot and shoe factories on the lines of the already existing State ready-made clothing factories. The clothing factories have already turned out 300,000 suits, which in theory can be bought for 450 rubles each, but which, as there are not enough to go round, are sold in violation of the Soviet anti-speculation law at 700 or 800 rubles. The expected State output of boots and shoes in 1919 is 1,500,000 pairs.

The economic undertakings of the Soviets are being badly hampered by increasing railway troubles. The main trouble at present is being caused by mobilization against the southern 'counter revolution.' The *Pravda* and the *Isvestiya* agree that this southern 'counter revolution' is the most dangerous foe Bolshevism has yet had to face, and proclaim that now that the Volga has been reconquered by Bolshevism the whole of the Don must follow. The mobilization has resulted in a great scarcity of locomotives and cars on the lines southeast of Moscow. From the Moscow repair shops several hundred unrepaired cars had to be taken and used. The condition of the locomotives is no better. Locomotives which cannot be completely repaired are 'provisionally repaired' and put into use, with the result, as the *Isvestiya* says, of 'an increasing number of accidents, which only as result of the extreme slowness of our trains are relatively cheap in cost of life.'

The Economist

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TALK OF EUROPE

THE BOMBARDMENTS OF PARIS

An official account of the London Air Raids having been given to the world, the French War Office now publishes for the first time an account of the attacks on Paris.

In 1914, there fell on Paris, exclusive of the suburbs, 45 bombs; 17 of them being thrown on one day, the 11th of October. In 1915, there were 70 bombs, 62 of which fell on the 20th of March. In 1916, 61 bombs. In 1917, only 14 bombs. But the Germans caught up in 1918.

In the last ten months of the war there fell 396 bombs of various kinds which resulted in 1211 casualties; 402 people being killed and 809 injured.

The famous cannons threw 168 shells, killing 196 people and wounding 417.

The worst day of the bombardment was the 23d of March, 1918; 21 shells falling that day in Paris.

The most disastrous affair was the raid of January 30, 1918. Eighty-nine bombs were dropped, killing 36 and wounding 192.

THE KAISER'S LAST DAYS AT SPAA

A MEMBER of the Kaiser's closest *entourage* has communicated the following to the *Politscher Tagesdienst.*

The Kaiser said on November 3, 'I am not thinking of abdicating. I require of every officer that he remain faithfully at his post. As Supreme War Lord I must stick to my post, for I see the worst Bolshevism breaking over Germany if I go away. A strong hand is necessary to preserve Germany from this disaster. Other strong men, as the circumstances of the day show, are not standing firm in this difficult time; therefore I shall remain. Moreover, I should willingly work with the new order and the new Government. Various gentlemen in it whom I have met are very sympathetic to me to work with.'

On the morning of November 9 there were long discussions. Hindenburg was one of the first to announce himself at Fraineuse, the country seat occupied by the Kaiser at Spaa. Hindenburg, after his first report to the Kaiser, had had a thorough discussion with fifty head officers of the various armies, each of whom was instructed to send five or six representatives in all haste to Main Headquarters. Each of these officers expressed his view in writing concerning the fidelity of his troops to the Kaiser, and they subsequently had a discussion all together. Hindenburg in his second report, transmitted about one o'clock to the Villa Fraineuse, gave it as the opinion of the head officers, which was fairly unanimous, that the troops could be relied on to fight against the enemy, but that they would never fight against their comrades. Meanwhile the Kaiser's abdication was constantly being urged by telephone from Berlin. It was repeatedly asked if he had not yet done it. Consequently, a precisely-worded answer was sent to Berlin after the discussion — namely, that the Kaiser abdicated as German Kaiser but not as King of Prussia. When this message was sent about two o'clock to Berlin, the telephonic answer came: 'Too late; we have already published his abdication.'

The Crown Prince arrived at Spaa about mid-day, and left again about three in the afternoon for his army. As he left the Kaiser said to him, 'Tell the soldiers it is untrue that I have abdicated as King of Prussia — I have not abdicated as King of Prussia.' Later Hindenburg arrived with General Gröner and Admiral von Hintze, and shortly afterwards Admiral von Scheer came. It was then put into the Kaiser's mouth to abdicate as King of Prussia also. When he subsequently left the audience chamber of the villa, he said to Count Dohna-Schlodien, his aide-de-camp, 'You no longer have any Supreme War Lord.' He then went up to his study.

The same evening the gentlemen of his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most intimate *entourage* urged him with insistence to go to Holland. The Kaiser was unwilling. He said: 'They want to force me to flee. I will not.' He said he would be in the Court train about dinner time. On the way to the train the Kaiser said to his aide-de-camp: 'I am so awfully ashamed; I cannot find it in my heart to do this — I cannot go away. If there be only one faithful battalion still here I shall remain at Spaa.' In the Court train one Job's tidings followed another — among others, that the Bolsheviki were in Herbesthal (about fifteen miles distant). The retreating troops of the lines of communication were also pressing on Spaa. Still the Kaiser was unwilling to leave, but he approved of a possible departure being prepared. To those around him he said: 'At other times I have always known what to do, but now I cannot save myself.' Expressing his opinion at the Kaiser's wish, one of his aides-de-camp said: 'If I had to decide for myself I should remain, for if the troops are unwilling to fight for Your Majesty we will form a protecting detachment of officers. We can occupy all posts to this end, and act as a service for your safety.'

At ten o'clock von Hintz and a representative of the Foreign Office again urged his departure, saying: 'Your Majesty, it may be too late in an hour's time.' It was desired to preserve the Kaiser from personal ill-treatment, which was feared because of the reports arriving from various towns. The Kaiser then decided on flight. The Castle of Brühl, near Cologne, had been first thought of as a place of sojourn for him, but the roads thither were no longer free. Reports also said that access to the Crown Prince's army was unsafe. The Kaiser must have reflected that the Entente had repeatedly hammered on the point that they refused to conclude peace with him, for he said: 'To facilitate peace for the nation I shall go to Holland. If I went to Germany, the supposition would be that I wanted to acquire a new party to help me make a *coup d'état*.'

It was also thought that from the moment when the Kaiser was no longer Supreme War Lord he had no longer any command. He would then be a mere private person. As the army would not fight for the Kaiser against their comrades who were arriving, he had the feeling that the army had left him in the lurch, by which any possible reproach that he had left the army would be refuted. Moreover, the Kaiser felt himself exempted from the duty to take political decisions for the Empire, as the Government out of the plenitude of its own power had announced his abdication.

THE TATTOOED MAN

THE *Manchester Guardian* still keeps up the good fight against wild 'scare' stories which are sure to terrify the relatives of British soldiers in enemy camps. The latest 'spoof' appears to be the 'tattooed man.'

Our contributor 'Artifex' ventured to suggest last week that the story of the prisoner who had been tattooed on the cheek by the Germans, which had gained, through a section of the press, a wide currency among simple people, was not established by any credible evidence. He tells us today that he has since been deluged with letters enclosing accounts of just how the man was tattooed, and giving details of his former history and of his present occupation and domestic relations. Each of the correspondents who sent these letters was no doubt confirmed, by the cutting he sent, in his belief in the truth of the tale and of the willful blindness of 'Artifex.' Unfortunately for their authors, the stories vary so profoundly in essential facts as to make it clear to anyone who correlates them, as 'Artifex' has done, that they are born of a myth, rapidly spread and gathering variety as it goes. If that were not enough, there is yet more irrefutable evidence. The camera, it is said, cannot lie. Yet on December 9 two different newspapers published photographs of the victim. Each picture represents his whole right profile. The one shows his cheek marked with a full-length snake in black, the other decorates it with a snake's head in outline. But a tattoo is a permanent mark which years cannot alter or deface. Any jury confronted with these conflicting pictures would be forced to agree that the disfigurement was daily reapplied by the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sufferer, and that he had omitted the precaution of having the same device repeated. Now this story must have added vastly to the anxieties of many families who have prisoners in enemy hands. Early in the war the authorities did not hesitate to recommend the suppression of the many reports of chivalrous treatment of our soldiers by the Turks. That, in the light of the Turkish Government's record as a whole, may have been reasonable. But we suggest that they should be at least not less active to prevent the spread of stories about the treatment of our prisoners which are as dubious as this one.

SIX MILES HIGH

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Manchester Guardian* recently visited the Martlesham experimental aeroplane station and talked with Captain Lang, the Australian airman, about his ascent to the record height of six miles. Captain Lang and his observer, Lieutenant A. W. Blowes of Mitchell, Ontario, had not yet recovered from the effects of their climb, but the Captain was able to give an account of all that happened in the 66 minutes and 15 seconds which the flight occupied. Said Captain Lang:

'I had far more instruments to pay attention to than the observer, who showed great pluck under a terribly trying ordeal. I had to make most minute observations at every thousand feet, and these are recorded on a board which was strapped to my right leg. I had also to note down how the temperature changed, the speed at which the machine was climbing, the revolutions, the water temperature in the engine, the oil temperature, the petrol pressure, the gallons of petrol consumed per hour, and occasionally to look over the side to note our bearings.'

The present flight, Captain Lang said, had been contemplated for some weeks, and for that reason he and his colleague had remained strict teetotalers and had never indulged in a smoke for weeks. The machine they used was a De Havilland bombing machine, fitted with a 450 horse-power Napier engine, which took off at half past eleven on Thursday morning in a gale of wind. Captain Lang and his colleague were specially clothed for the occasion, and the need of two pairs of silk socks, three pairs of stockings, thigh boots lined with lamb's wool, thick underclothing, three sweaters, a Sidcot Arctic suit lined with fur, a Balaclava and fur-lined cap, goggles lined with cotton wool, electrically lined gloves with gauntlets, and a muffler, is indicated by the fact that when the machine reached an altitude of 30,500 feet there were about 70 degrees of frost.

'During the first 8,000 feet,' said Captain Lang, 'the machine tossed about like a leaf, but afterwards we settled down to far more comfortable flying. Generally we climbed by taking big sweeping circles, but we were blown out of our course, and when we were six miles up we were about 25 miles out at sea off Yarmouth.

'When we reached that height the sun was shining brightly, and although it was a little hazy I could see ships far away out at sea, and occasionally glimpses of the Thames.

'I had a small glass shield on the machine for the protection of my right eye, but there was no shield for the left eye, the gun on the machine preventing one being fixed.

'At 20,000 feet I had to take off my goggles owing to the oxygen frosting on the glass. Thereupon my left eye watered and froze, and was soon as big as a plum. For the next 10,000 feet I was flying with only one eye. At 20,000 feet the cable in the revolution counter unfortunately broke, and, being unable to take the records of the revolution counter, I took the atmospheric temperatures, and it was lucky I did so, for Lieutenant Blowes had, unknown to me, collapsed at 20,000 feet through the breakage of the tube which was supplying him with oxygen from one of the two cylinders which were specially fitted for the flight. It was most fortunate I was able to continue Lieutenant Blowes's work and take the atmospheric temperatures, without which the test would have been worthless.

'At 27,000 feet we got into a very bumpy atmosphere, being so tossed about that the machine became uncontrollable. At 28,000 feet, I felt a shortage of oxygen, and I signaled as pre-arranged to Lieutenant Blowes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for more. It was then I found out he was unconscious, and had been so, as I afterwards discovered, since 20,000 feet was reached, when he fell back in an attempt to pass me a note. I managed to hang on till we reached 30,500 feet, when the petrol pressure pumps behind the engine ceased to work owing to the rarefaction of the air and the engine stopping. The temperature was then equal to about 70 degrees of frost Fahrenheit.'

Speaking of the descent, Captain Lang said the first 10,000 feet occupied 25 minutes, when he was well off Yarmouth, there being a hurricane blowing from 150 to 170 miles an hour. At 20,000 feet the observer regained consciousness.

The two airmen have suffered badly from frost on the hands and face. The younger, Lieutenant Blowes, who is only nineteen, and has been in the Air Force one and a half years, has serious injuries to his hands which are very painful. Captain Lang, who has been flying since 1915, is very keen on experimental work, and while delighted with his performance regards it as little more than part of an ordinary day's work.

HERR EBERT

Years ago, writes a correspondent, I met Ebert, the present head of the German Government. He is a small, dark man with thick black hair, moustache, and beard. His speech is lively, and betrays a vivid temperament, but well controlled. A South German — he was born at Heidelberg, the son of a master tailor — he has a good deal of South German adaptability and understanding, and is as unlike as possible to the stiff Prussian bureaucrat. Ebert is, of course, suspect with the bourgeoisie, but, it may be added, he is less suspect than would be possible to almost any other Social Democrat. A self-made man, he is, entirely due to his own efforts, sufficiently well educated and of very quick understanding. He has great powers of work, and once he undertakes anything puts immense energy into it. Ebert was first in the Reichstag in 1912, and it is a curious turn of fortune which in six years has brought the deputy for Elberfeld-Barmen to the head of the late German Empire.

AMERICAN STUDENTS AT FRENCH UNIVERSITIES

Now that the prestige of German culture has been shaken, France hopes to attract American students to French Universities:

We all know how large was the number of American students who came to France to fight for the good cause. The students of the United States became Paladins of The Ideal by the thousand. But now the war is over, and the authorities have reason to believe that by February or March, 1919, the soldiers of the starry banner will be free. Why should these soldiers not make use of their presence in Europe by taking some of the courses in our universities. Before the war of 1914, they appeared to have preferred German culture; German science, in particular, attracted them. Now the scales have fallen from their eyes. They have lived with us during the struggle; they will stay with us after the victory. During the demobilization the Government of the United States authorizes the students to attend our lecture courses; they will obey with joy.

So we are going to have in the Latin Quarter in a short time, a goodly number of newcomers — sympathetic newcomers. Now rises a question — where shall we lodge them? The American student is apt to be a quiet kind of lad. He does not take to *la vie de Bohème*, to the carefree life of the café at the corner. He likes the calm and peaceful atmosphere of home. To see that he is suited, a committee has just been formed at the Sorbonne. The aim of this body is to find lodgings for American students in French University families.

This may be somewhat difficult. The French professor, unlike his English colleague, does not usually accept boarders; it irks him to open his home to newcomers. On the other hand, Parisian lodgings are cramped, and the student cannot find the comfort to which he is accustomed; he wants a bath room, a living room, social life.

The Sorbonne committee does not consider these objections insurmountable. Its members believe that many professors will

PRODUCED BY ANSRSR
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be willing to make room, and allow a stranger a seat at their family table when that stranger is an American; that is to say, almost a Frenchman. The American will be willing to go without those smaller luxuries which are in use at home. He will pay willingly, says the University circular, a sum varying from two hundred to three hundred and fifty francs a month. For a lodging with many commodities, the American student is willing to pay from three hundred and fifty to five hundred francs.

With such a sum one can struggle, not altogether victoriously but with some chance of success against the rising cost of living. But the committee, in urging French university families to receive students, counts less on the financial appeal than on the patriotic call of the affair. Nothing can quicker bring about that fusion of two peoples who already like each other without knowing each other very well. The American student in the thick of the fray has scarcely had time to form an opinion of the French family, he imagines it as being such as French novelists picture it, and our novelists have often been severe on France. On the other hand, the French family is too accustomed to regarding the American as a mere practical man of affairs, it does not realize the idealism honored in the land of the dollar. A longer contact between the two peoples will dispel this double illusion.

The committee requests the university families attracted by these propositions to give in their names at the Sorbonne Bureau of Information. It is to be hoped that the American contingent at the Sorbonne will be constantly renewed and that the old Sorbonne, heritor of the German Universities, will behold the elite of the New World flowing to its gates, visiting its amphitheatres and drinking in its spirit.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

After Mr. Russell's trial, a report of the court proceedings was issued in pamphlet form by the No-Conscription Fellowship. This pamphlet, however, was seized by the Government, and has since become quite rare. THE LIVING AGE, therefore, prints from the stenographic report, complete.

* * *

E. S. P. Haynes, whose review of Mecania, the Super-State, was recently printed in THE LIVING AGE, is a distinguished student of social questions; he is the author of *The Decline of Liberty in England, Religious Persecution, A Study in Political Psychology,* and of other treatises dealing with the nature of the state.

Robert Vaucher is a staff correspondent of the Paris *Illustration.*

* * *

Paul Painlevé is an ex-Premier of France. Before his entrance into politics, he was a professor at the École Polyteclinique in Paris.

* * *

Thomas Seccombe, professor of English at Sandhurst, is a well-known critic and historian of English literature. American readers may recall his manual, *The Age of Johnson,* and his essays on George Borrow.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WINTER NIGHTS

BY ERNEST BLAKE

When winter nights are wild and stars shine clear
'T is snug to shelter deep in woods, and hear
The rude wind winnowed by the plumèd pines,
Till the blind din of his diapason
To infinite small whisperings declines,
Like elfin waves awash round islets lone,
Aloof in Ocean's furthest hemisphere.

Then with a pagan joy my spirit sings,
I feel the fire of elemental things
Enkindle all those keen intolerant eyes,
The stars, and light, o'er dim expectant skies,
Waver and wane like breath of passionate flowers,
And Earth, half-conscious of her slumbering powers,
Tremble with mute immense imaginings.

The English Review

REVEILLE

BY WILFRED WILSON GIBSON

Still bathed in its moonlight slumbers the little white house by the cedars
Stands silent against the red dawn;
And nothing I know of who sleeps there, to the travail of day yet unwakened
Behind the blue curtains undrawn.

But I dream as we march down the roadway — ringing loud and rime-white in the moonlight —
Of a little dark house on a hill
Wherein, when the battle is over, to the rapture of day yet unwakened,
We shall slumber as dreamless and still.

The New Witness

AUGUST, 1918

BY MAURICE BARING

(*In a French Village*)

I hear the tinkling of the cattle bell
In the broad stillness of the afternoon;
High in the cloudless haze the August moon
Is pallid as the phantom of a shell.
A girl is drawing water from a well,
I hear the clatter of her wooden shoen;
Two mothers to their sleeping babies croon,
And the hot village feels the drowsy spell.

Sleep, child, the Angel of Death his wings has spread;
His engines scour the land, the sea, the sky;
And all the weapons of Hell's armory
Are ready for the blood that is their bread;
And many a thousand men to-night must die,
So many that they will not count the dead.

Reveille

'SWEET IS THE LOVE WHICH NATURE BRINGS'

(*From the Chinese*)

BY CH'ENG HAO (1032-1085 A.D.)

Light fleecy clouds, a gentle breeze,
The golden sun mid-sky,
A flowery path by willows fringed,
A brook that babbles by.

Worldlings, how can you understand
The gladness of my heart?
You think that I but idly play
The schoolboy truant's part.

(*Translated by A. P. Teck.*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED